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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1928 | NUMBER 39

Notes of a Rapid Reader

The True History of the Conquest of Mexico. By BERNARD DIAZ DEL CASTILLO. McBride.

A GOOD chronicle told by one who was part of the adventure is better than any novel except the best. The chronicle is first hand, the novel usually second hand, and even if it is a direct transcript from life the author is not responsible for its accuracy. The chronicle has the freshness of actual memory unblended with fictitious expansions, and this at least is one face of Truth; the novel must be concocted so as to seem true, and this attempt to persuade is damaging to the facts of a record, even if it subserves a higher Truth. Hence the further from literal realism and actual document is the novel, the better its chance of survival. A good chronicle is real estate having value under any circumstances, the novel is a stock certificate dependent upon the skill of the promoting mind.

We have been reading so many novels that are only dressed up transcripts of murder trials, revolutions, intrigues, and hero's biographies, that the taste for genuine chronicle history ought to be ripe. Here, for example, is Cortes's honest soldier Bernard, one of the five survivors of the Conquistadores, who in his old age is angered that his dead companions and he, who had fought in 119 battles, should be forgotten in the narrative of the conquest of an empire. He tells as he remembers—with a desire to be fair to his admired commander and loyal even to the rascals, with respect for the great Mexicans that they ruined, with pride in desperate fights and incredible achievements. Tough as the steel of his sword, he has a gentle heart and a warm imagination. For an imagination warm as his is there are ten historical romances in this extraordinary narrative which Prescott used, but could not supersede.

The Travels of William Bartram. Macy-Masius.

To be young was heaven for a naturalist in eighteenth-century America as well as for a poet in revolutionary Europe. Coleridge and Wordsworth were intoxicated by this book, and from its lush descriptions of the ebullient springs of Florida "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" drew some of their finest lines. Good water is left in the well, and indeed Coleridge took more than even the industry of Professor Lowes in his "Xanadu" has discovered. The young Quaker rode through the savannas and the glorious forests of the Creeks and the Cherokees with such surpassing joy that the reading of his book induces a melancholy wonder as to whether the total effort of the United States has not been to reduce an earthly paradise to what we see of ruined countrysides and littered streets. All animals he loved except the alligators, and even the rattlesnake was "magnanimous," sparing his life out of noble generosity and gaining his affectionate protection. Or as Coleridge wrote, half remembering:

> Beyond the shadow of the ship
> I watched the water-snakes . . .
> O happy living things! no tongue
> Their beauty might declare:
> A spring of love gushed from my heart,
> And I blessed them unaware.

Here, too, is the Indian, practising all the essential virtues innocently and easily when white ruffians permit, natural noblemen worthy to associate with Cooper's Chingachgook. In the valley of the Jore Mountains, the Cherokee maidens bathe in the streams and wander singing while they gather wild strawberries. The Indian Emperor rides by with his gay court, saluting the traveler. Mockingbirds sing in the peach blooms beside the pyramidal mounds of the ancients. This is what the New World was like to a loving spirit, thrilled by nature, and conscious of beauty.

The Oxford History of the United States. By S. E. MORISON. Oxford University Press.

Not a chronicle certainly, but quite as good reading. This history is based upon lectures which Morison, himself an American and author of the excellent "Maritime History of New England," composed for English hearers at Oxford. It has the eagerness to explain of a man speaking to strangers, the desire to defend of one discoursing of matters

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The Peach Tree

By EDITH SITWELL

BETWEEN the amber portals of the sea
My gilded fleece of heat hangs on the tree. . . .
My skin is bright as this. . . .
Come, wind, and smooth my skin, bright as your kiss.

Less bright, less bright than Fatima's gold skin
My gilded fleece that sighs
She is the glittering dew born of the heat,
She is that young gazelle, the leaping Sun of Paradise.

Come, nubian shade, smooth the gilt fleece's curl
Until your long dark fluid hands unfold
My peach, my cloud of gold,
Its kernel, crackling amber water-cold.

Shine, Fatima, my sun, show your gold face
Through panached ostrich plumes of leaves, then from above
My ripening fruits will feel the bright dew fall apace
Till at your feet I pair my golden love.

This Week

"Business the Civilizer."
Reviewed by *Gerald Carson.*
"The Feast of Brigid."
By *David McCord*
"The Oxford English Dictionary."
Reviewed by *George Philip Krapp.*
Mr. Moon's Notebook.
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"The True Adventure of Columbus."
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Ben Jonson's "Volpone."
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The Oxford English Dictionary.
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The Books of the Spring.
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Next Week, or Later

"Suicide."
Reviewed by *Raymond Pearl.*

The English*

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

WHAT is it that is incomprehensible about these islanders? It is the particular adjustment of their psyche—the only one of its kind in Europe. With them the emphasis lies not on the conscious, but on the unconscious. It is not intelligence, but instinct—rising at its highest to intuition—which determines the course of their lives. But to the intelligence they appear to be sensitive extraverts, *i. e.*, men whose being is essentially directed outward, so that psychically they have the same direct contact with the surrounding world as every one else has physically—an arrangement obviously different from that of all other Europeans. If the Frenchman or the German—I mean of course of the thinking type—is to find an intelligent approach to them, he can do so only by comparison with the animal world. When Field-Marshal Lord Roberts died, one obituary contained the following appraisal: Roberts had two great virtues: first, his instinct; second, his belief in his instinct. What Frenchman or German would ever pass the same judgment on a Foch or a Von Moltke? It is the custom, on the Continent, to apply such phrases to pedigreed hunting-dogs. To the thoughtful Continental this English character seems eminently proper for hunting-dogs rather than for human beings. Actually the average Britisher never reflects. When he does, the effect is generally devastating; and when, as an exception, this is not the case, we involuntarily get the feeling which Rivarol once expressed: *Si un homme, connu pour bête, dit un mot d'esprit, cela a quelque chose de scandaleux, comme un cheval de fiacre au galop.*

If ever the proverb applied that the exception proves the rule, it certainly applies in the case of the exquisitely fine minds of England. The whole nation, as such, has an unconquerable prejudice against thinking, and, above all, against any insistence on intellectual problems. I could never understand why it was precisely the English critics who reproached me with "a lack of a sense of humor" until I perceived that this was their way of getting rid of something which made them uncomfortable. On their side of the Channel a social reformer can be put outside the pale (or could until recently) by the simple observation that "he sneers at the King"; in the same way the danger of somewhat profounder thought is avoided by the simple insinuation that it betrays a lack of humor in "its lack of a sense of proportion." And it really is a fact that a profound, clearly-formulated thought does not fit into the normal framework of English life. Already in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the German spirit (which, it is acknowledged, produced the Reformation with its demand for independent individual thought) was to the respectable Britisher a horrid spectre; even then intelligence as such was already regarded as an unhealthy product made in Germany. And not without some justice: in the modern world it is altogether impossible, as a philosopher, not to be wholly un-English and essentially German: just as in Roman days every philosopher was essentially Greek.

But now England no longer lives for herself alone; she must now behave as though her natives were just like other people. The most astonishing situations have resulted. English statesmen have

* The following essay will constitute part of a chapter of Count Hermann Keyserling's "Europe," to be published in the near future by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Copyright, 1928, by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.

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taken to explaining themselves, as if they were Frenchmen; they confess to programs and ideals, like Germans. But the explanations will seldom stand the slightest scrutiny, the programs change with every wind, and as for their ideals—no practice whatsoever has ever been found, by any Englishman, to be in contradiction to these. The naïve Continental naturally gets an impression of complete dishonesty, perfidy, and characterlessness. But the results of this so-called imposture, and of this so-called faithlessness, prove that the impression cannot be right. In spite of all her proven hypocrisy, England always recaptures the confidence of others; in spite of all her proven faithlessness she not only does not lose her honor, she actually advances it! During the Napoleonic wars a Spanish general once demanded of a hard-pressed English officer, who had come to him for help, that he fall on his knees before him. The latter recounted the story at home over the port: "Down I went, of course. . . ." Everybody in England understood. Thanks to this action, he conquered. All's fair in love and war.

It is precisely where ideologies and similar things are involved that the Englishman makes expediency his watchword. How should the average Continental understand this? The greatest and most important part of that which primarily occupies his attention, giving it content and direction, is of secondary importance to the Englishman. The latter, too, has his high ideals, but scrutinized closely, they are seen to be what the European would call rules of the game: and that in a sense which has been abundantly made clear in Galsworthy's "Loyalties." Loyalty to one's land, one's party, one's class, one's prejudices, is the first law. The question of absolute value is beside the point. If our ideals occasionally coincide with those of the English—as, in private life, they do frequently enough—it is sheer coincidence; in spite of this resemblance, the psychological roots remain different. The Britisher lives through instinct, through intuition, and uses his intelligence to smooth the way for these, and primarily to gain time. The German is fundamentally incapable of understanding this; for him, abstract considerations are ruling realities. For all these reasons, most of what is written in Germany about the Englishman is false; and equally false are the views of the French, who so closely resemble the Germans in their objective intelligence. They always were false.

* * *

Examined psychologically, the Englishman undoubtedly stands closer to the animal than to the intellectualized European. Only he who perceives this can do him justice. He is accused of hypocrisy: no one plays the hypocrite less than he—and this is truest when he is ruthlessly pursuing his own ends under cover of an ideal. For to a certain extent he *does* consciously believe in his ideals, just as he believes in his religion; he is only completely ignorant of the driving shaft of the unconscious. This is exactly why he seldom produces the impression of moral ugliness. That impression is produced only when the self-seeker is conscious of the significance of his actions. This holds true particularly of the German; he is never forgiven, for every one feels that he can and should know better. If, in the shifty political game, he at least had that naïve good conscience while doing evil which is characteristic of the Italian, he too would produce an innocent effect. But of the German we know that he may be credited with all the conscience in the world. Everything, literally everything, is forgiven the Englishman because, judged from the degree of his thoughtfulness, he is an animal. His instinct for power works in him with the unconscious force of the animal. It never occurs to him not to follow that instinct. Such superb innocence and frankness is just the thing to achieve what would otherwise be impossible in these days of over-consciousness. Let England break all the treaties she wants—it arouses resentment, but not an ugly resentment. There is no doubt that England did Germany more harm than France did; yet German hatred of England is a thing of the past. Not a single one of her pre-war or post-war promises to India has England kept—yet she has not wholly lost the confidence of most Indians. It is astounding to observe how well the animal instinct for power understands the art of using the materials of the human spirit for the furtherance of its own ends. This applies to the spoken word before all else. The word that has been uttered is, at the proper moment, factually and simply forgotten. It is fundamental never to say whatever it is to the purpose to pass over in silence. More than one colonial possession has passed into British hands via the assault of a private buccaneer on the property of a foreigner. Should the outraged foreigner make representations, England turns a deaf ear. Deaf as she was to all reason and to all objections, England has never failed to come to the protection of the British subject when the foreigner tried to help himself again to his own property.

But that same instinct for power also teaches the Englishman how to back out at the right moment, and in this case too he acts with such transparent honesty that the question of conscious faithlessness does not occur to others, any more than the question of guilt occurs in the previous cases. It is impossible for animals to be inconsistent. And something else should be added at this point: involuntarily we think of the age before the Fall, before the apple was eaten, as of the happier age. The innocence of the English has in it something of the same effect. God knows what fearful evils Adam and Eve may not have committed before they ate from the Tree of Knowledge; in any case it was not written down against them. Let every philosopher and every moralist ponder these facts: they seem to prove, as I think, conclusively, that everything is permitted to a man, as long as he acts in accordance with the laws of his being, and as long as he acts in all innocence.

* * *

But in defining the English as creatures of the animal type we have naturally not exhausted the subject. Their claim to racial superiority over all Europeans, as well as over the Chinese and Hindus, is of course ludicrous. They are superior only as political animals, and one may very well ask oneself whether the Aristotelian definition should not be taken to mean that political ability still belongs to the animal stage. But the British have other immense advantages. If they are intellectually inferior, they are all the more gifted psychologically. Their skill in handling human material is extraordinary. This implies that, over and above their animal gifts, and apart from the intellectual aspect, they must possess very noble attributes of a purely human order. And precisely because of his lack of intellectuality, the Englishman far outranks any other European in his ability to establish direct contacts with the human element in others. He is the man who, first and last, sees into and understands his fellow-man. He does this even with those whom he is actually oppressing. He never behaves as though they were not human beings; he is always ready to recognize, as a fundamental human right, their particular character; and he never awakens in others the feeling that to him the thing matters more than the person. It is for this reason that he is respected even by those whom he oppresses. We find it quite natural that one man should subjugate another and take personal advantage of the conquest; the one thing that we cannot forgive is a denial of the loser's right to be what he is. In this respect, then, the Englishman is the most human of men. He allows every one his full quota of prejudices. All customs are permitted to stand, as long as they are considered "fairly harmless" (in India the burning of widows was thought to lie outside the limit). This respect is so deep-rooted that it finds expression in every phrase uttered.

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On this method, which always reckons first with the free will of others, and never even thinks of breaking that will, is based the very possibility of the British Empire. The ruler has two methods to choose from: force and authority. Force is of no avail in the long run; its appeal, first and last, is to material power, and the ruler is always in the minority. It is not only the experienced ruler of men: every fairly capable animal trainer knows that, once he has established the mastery by sheer force, he must operate, not primarily with force, but with sympathy and respect, and with the authority which derives from these. Permanent power belongs only to the man who has at his command the means of compulsion, but who has to use them and does use them only in extreme cases; for he alone has at his command the natural force contained in the free will of those whom he rules. And it is universally known that not only English politics, but also English education of the young, is based on the methods outlined above.

But the definition of the animal quality is not the last word even on this subject. The decisive element is the primarily *social* character of English self-consciousness. It is self-evident that this embraces, before all else, the English race and nation, for we are concerned here with something which is instinctive, and not with a product of moral considerations. Within the common body of the people as a whole, the English self-consciousness takes as its basis the "I-and-You" relationship; it therefore knows nothing of that complex of problems which the unsocial German perceives in his individual relationships of "I" and "You." Good relations with his fellow-men are more important to the Britisher than anything else. If the problems of English novels, with their norms of good behavior, right action, courage, and consideration for others, read to Continentals like the problems of children, this is explained by the fact that in this regard English life is actually a sort of child-life. When Galsworthy once admonished Shaw that if he went on behaving as he did, he would soon be left without friends, the latter retorted, "And if you keep on as you are doing, you will soon be without a single enemy." This is the ideal of children. For children there is nothing higher than living nicely together. Only in this domain children are wiser than grown-ups; a good group life depends, in fact, on obedience to its accepted norms. Thus the finest blossom of English social life takes its roots in the primitive. For the Englishman, "Live and let live" is a self-evident maxim. He accepts it as a matter of course that his opponent, too, belongs within the commonalty. Among highly individualized persons this commonalty cannot possibly be based on "like-mindedness," as the German would have it (whereby he already betrays his complete social incapacity), but on the maxim "Let's agree to differ."

It is this that makes possible a creative parliamentary life in England, in contrast with Germany: for in the last analysis the Englishman sees in his opponent, in the man who disagrees with him, some one who belongs to him. This explains the absence of bitterness and hatred from the social struggle in England. The struggle may, from time to time, be just as obstinate as anywhere else, but it is regarded as a struggle between combatants with equal rights. The various classes are, as a matter of fact, different from each other; but when no man is denied, on his own level, the full recognition of his human worth, even the lowliest has no occasion to pretend to be what he is not. The private life of a good butler is strictly his own affair; he participates in the life of his own employer only to the extent demanded by his duties, and takes it almost as an affront that the latter should investigate his private affairs—even to the extent of inquiring after his health: it is none of his employer's business.

* * *

There remains for consideration the other characteristic which also has its roots in the same essentially social nature of the English: the sport spirit. This represents the deepest spiritual value which can be read into the human struggle for existence, just as it represents the highest sublimation of which it is capable. In the world of sport the protagonist tacitly confirms the rights of the antagonist. It is the rule of the game that one must rejoice in another's victory no less than in one's own. There must be no envy. Under such circumstances all life takes on the aspect of nobility. It is on the sport spirit that the prevalence of the ideal of the gentleman is based. It is a democratic ideal, in that every one can, should, and wants to be a gentleman. But in this, too, is revealed the animal character of the English. A gentleman is *bred*, like some noble animal; his instincts are trained. Thoughtfulness and insight are beside the mark. But we are compelled to admit that in this connection the animal character of the English psychological adjustment is an unmixed advantage. Young people can be trained only as animals are trained; and the animal, on its level, is more perfect than the human being. Why is it that the Boy Scout movement has meant so much more in the affirmative sense, than all the other youth movements put together? Because Baden-Powell made it a basic principle that young people are like savages, and can therefore be mastered only by rules of conduct, independent of all abstract considerations. Whosoever belongs to this and this Totem must not steal, lie, etc. It is precisely in this super-sophisticated age, with its disbelief in all religious and moral standards, that this aboriginal way of dealing with human beings means salvation.

We have now reached the point where we can properly understand in what sense the English world

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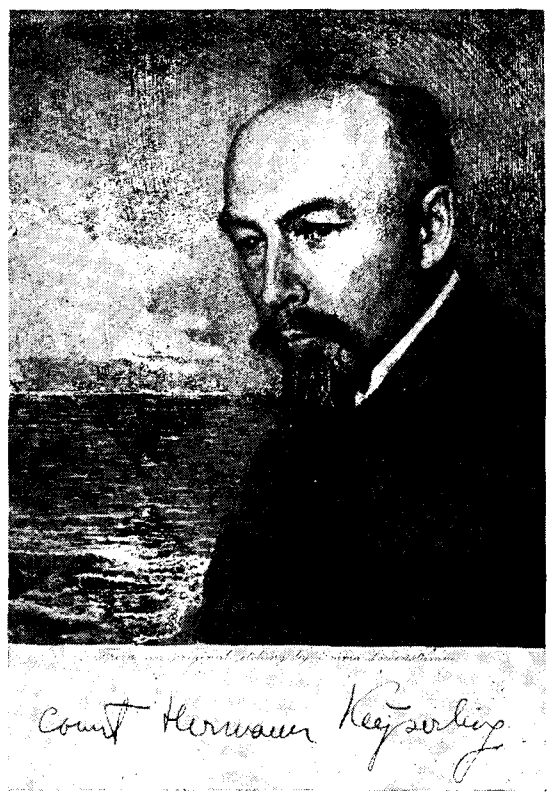
can serve as exemplar. We have only to envisage all the foregoing in the light of a widely known myth: the myth of the fall from grace. Man lost his innocence, and with it Paradise, when he ate of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Thus the Englishman is by nature more wholesomely adjusted and more harmoniously trained than any other European. In him there is a fundamental right balance of the "I" and the "You." The common and the individual are mutually restricted, according to their significance, with separate spheres of operation. To whatever extent an Englishman may live for himself, there never occurs an inner isolation from the society to which he belongs and from the moral principles which hold it together. It is just this that gives his egoism—like the egoism of living for one's children in the case of every mother, and of nearly every father—a certain freedom and naturalness. And this leads to two consequences: on the one hand the Englishman appears to the outspoken Continental to be the embodiment, *par excellence*, of the ruthless egotist—the very thing with which the English reproach the self-centred German, whose egoism is only a path leading upward and outward from himself; and on the other hand that same English egoism seldom inspires resentment. Within himself the Englishman lays the exclusive emphasis on character, that is to say, on the harmonious coördination of the faculties; and in this he values the body not less than the mind, and puts the moral element above the intellectual. Thus he makes an "all-round man" of himself. Actually the English gentleman at his best is the one type that stands comparison with the Greek καλος καγαθος If we add to this the two constants in his character, the human side of him and his high psychological gifts, we are able to explain why, after all, he carries conviction. He convinces simply by *being*. Thus the English never had to do any Anglicizing in order to make the world which came under their influence English. On the contrary: *because* they never set themselves that problem, the Anglicizing took place as a matter of course. On the whole, British supremacy offers the best proof of the truth of Coué's teachings and the best evidence against any system of culture based on the training of the will.

* * *

What is the outlook for the future of the English world in the general European picture? It is quite clear that a favorable prognosis is impossible. The conditions which make possible the present situation, and which are essential to its perfection, are steadily melting away. The more general social political conditions which threaten the old English life have recently been so well summarized by Guglielmo Ferrero that I could not do better than quote his arguments: "The peaceful character of the English masses derives from the eighteenth century; it was a result of the discipline and tranquility in which the great masses of Europe lived from the close of the religious wars until the beginning of the French Revolution. This pre-Revolutionary order persisted in England even after it had begun to decay on the Continent. For in the nineteenth century, too, the wars of England continued to be exactly what they had been in the preceding centuries: that is to say, matters which concerned the state, and not the people; as against this, the wars which were waged on the European mainland involved state and people in a common passion. Protected from all dangers by its insularity, the English people could live tranquilly through the entire nineteenth century—even in time of war. There was no such thing as universal conscription; the small armies needed by the state were recruited from among volunteers—and these were almost exclusively Irish. It was the state alone which carried on the war, the people itself remaining sheltered not only from war service, but from every anxiety.

"Thanks to this tranquility, the great English masses, concentrated though they were in a few cities, within the sphere of influence of gigantic and ever-growing factories, were nevertheless able to retain that high opinion of rank, aristocracy, monarchy, and the possessing classes which had been proper to the entire eighteenth century. And this high opinion persisted in spite of a continually increasing labor activity and the rise of the modern school system. As against this state of affairs, all the Continental wars since the French Revolution have been the common concern of both the state and the people. The state declared war and gathered in the spoils if the issue was victorious; but the people—the workers, the peasants, the middle classes—were compelled to yield up life and limb, frequently without knowing what the war was about. And hardly was the struggle over when new anxieties began, for these peoples lived in imminent fear of new wars, which might break out at a moment's notice. Every people had its 'hereditary enemy,' whose behavior had to be watched with unremitting vigilance. Wars and fear of war spread among the masses a spirit of unrest, of revolution, and of chronic opposition to the state: and only the English people was delivered from all evil—until the year 1914.

"The secret key which alone can open up the mysteries of English, as contrasted with European, history since the eighteenth century consists of a single phrase: Universal military service. The World War forced compulsory military service on England, too; for the first time in its history the English people as a whole was compelled to conduct a war. The consequences soon became obvious; they may be seen in the spirit of criticism and of opposition animating the English masses; in the leaning, new for this people, toward revolutionary doctrines which have hitherto left them cold; and finally in the attitude of indulgence toward acts of violence which less than ten years ago would have been regarded with horror. These are all signs



which we Continental peoples recognize at sight. These are the characteristic reactions of the masses to a war in which they have been compelled to take part. These reactions were, and to-day still are, more violent in England and in Italy than in France or Germany, precisely because the Italian and the English peoples were less accustomed to war before the year 1914. The three years during which the system of universal military conscription had to be instituted in England did more than a century of history to transform that country into a Continental state. One of the principal differences between the great Continental powers and the Island Empire has disappeared." But together with this difference there has also disappeared the special privilege of England, the exclusiveness of the national nursery which was alone responsible for the insularity of the English type. And the material foundations of that supremacy which depended on England's monopoly of industry have likewise disappeared.

Furthermore, the prestige of the white man has declined completely. All the dark races have begun to find the arrogance of the English intolerable. Yet all this would be of no consequence if the Englishman could only stand up to the struggle of a keen rivalry with all comers—just as the German does. *But it is exactly this that he cannot do.* He stands and falls by his rôle of ruler—he must play while others work for him. For he is essentially lazy. His attitude toward work is very much like that of the Greek. The beauty of English life stands out against the background of the other nations much the same as the beauty of the finest Russian aristocratic life stood out against the background of the dull Russian masses. This certainly does not mean to say that the English people is done for. Once again it will know how to adapt itself in good time to the occasion. Indeed, it has already done so; the island Englishman described in the foregoing pages, having heroically accepted his destiny in order that the Empire Englishman might come into his own, has probably committed suicide by now—an act of the highest moral significance; but an act of suicide nevertheless. The English colonial lacks most of the great attributes of the Englishman. He is a chauffeur among other chauffeurs. Thus it is that the American has hardly anything in common with the Englishman. Those Englishmen who still attach any importance to the survival of English culture are consistently becoming "little Englanders."

But is there any possibility of a moral and spiritual return within the borders of the Elizabethan age? Will it lead to anything more than a spiritual monasticism? It is precisely England which stands upon the threshold of the Mass Age. In a few decades the complexion of England will in all likelihood be much more radical than that of any other European country: we need only remember that the Dominions of New Zealand and Australia, based as they are on principles which lie on the further side of socialism, are also part of the world Empire: before long they will outstrip England in wealth, and will certainly furnish leaders to the Empire. England's victory has been ruinous; to be compelled, at this date, to provide a military protection for colonies is hardly better than a Versailles Treaty. . . . Personally I am afraid: from the historic point of view the English world which I have described here has gone the way of all flesh. But as a private possession it can survive for centuries. And this it should do. With all its faults it belongs among the finest products of the European world. And if it ultimately disappears from the picture as a temporal power, it will survive as a gene in the body of mankind, just as the Hellenic world of old has done. For in accordance with the law of non-recurrence which governs all life, the *same* perfection as the English will never occur again.

Business in a New Rôle

BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER. By Earnest Elmo Calkins. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by Gerald Carson

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS is the kind of American business man who is not discussed when intimate little groups of intellectuals gather to consult upon the welfare of the republic and deplore our industrial civilization. Urbane, cultivated, a lover of the liberal arts and of craftsmanship, a perspicacious traveler, Mr. Calkins seems to defy the easy *cliché* and to link life to business in some obscure but heartening way. Mr. Calkins was one of the first of the writers upon business to address himself to a general audience with the purpose of giving the operations of manufacturing, distributing, and advertising a significance commensurate with the central place they occupy in the lives of most men and many women.

The astonishing development of mass production in the past twenty years, and of advertising which is a part of the operation, was sure to develop a spirited reaction, and we are in the middle of one now. From the one side has come the attack upon economic grounds; from the other upon social or humanistic grounds. Able writers both at home and abroad point out that in perfecting a mechanical civilization we have paid too much for our whistle. And so Mr. Calkins writes his apologia upon new and highly important grounds, as his title discloses. He sets forth business as a conservator of the values cherished by the philosophers—of civilization itself.

To all those who are sound in mind and limb and who submit obediently to the stern regimentation of modern life will come almost certainly material comfort and economic security. More than that, out of modern industry will come, is already coming, a flowering of the arts closely applied and related to life, which is of the highest social and esthetic significance, and Mr. Calkins examines these phenomena with zest and optimism.

On the other hand, idiosyncrasy and the flavor of personality have been ironed out of the goods we consume and—it is the frequent complaint of the mordant writers in the liberal papers—the people who consume them. And as for liberty, perhaps we talk so much about it because we have so little of it.

Being the sort of man who knows the difference between a railroad folder and a government bulletin, Mr. Calkins naturally sees much that disturbs him. One may come upon the nature of his diffi-

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culty in this wise. Possessing in himself much of literature and art, Mr. Calkins likes to travel in far countries and observe how life and letters join up. When he is in London he can reconstruct the London of Dickens, Lamb, and Thackeray, and he likes to do it. When he is in rural England he is constantly delighted with inns and hedgerows, with Morland mezzotints and Constable backgrounds. And in France, he likes to see the sower sow his seed in the fertile fields beside the Loire, and remark upon the Breton peasant in his broad-brimmed black hat, his gay waistcoat and wooden shoon.

But what does this "contrite advertising man" now see in Europe? He sees Woolworth stores thrusting up their flushed faces between façades which may have seen the Wars of the Roses, and imagination is jerked back sharply to the problems of chain-store merchandising in a backward country. He rides towards Tours and sees the French farmers in long pants sitting on Ford tractors, and he reads everywhere names which are household words in his native Illinois—John Deere, Plano, McCormick.

Committed professionally to the industrialization of the world, Mr. Calkins looks in a mood of revery at the fading beauty of the Old World where he seems to see in full retreat that liberty of individual action which we in America have already surrendered for the prosperity and comfort of the advertising age, and he sees vanishing a craftsmanship and finesse in manufacture which the big machines cannot attain. An early herald of that beauty which is yet to come in America, Mr. Calkins nevertheless suffers from what Emerson called "European complaint." He is part of the present order, but emotionally attached to another—like an agnostic who doesn't even believe in the Life Force but sings ethical hymns.

How can I demonstrate the truth of that? I think through calling attention to the way Mr. Calkins draws the lines of his dialectic throughout his book. When he deals with the economic attack upon advertising and its economic justification, he constantly invites attention to the fact that he is not discussing a world that might be, but isn't. He is not swapping utopias with Mr. Stuart Chase. He is discussing the competitive, capitalistic society which exists and of which mass selling and national advertising are an integral part. And he says, with shrewd iteration, that the question is not, is advertising worth while, but is this life worth while? "If this is a desirable civilization, advertising," he repeats, "is necessary to having it." And the very polemic skill with which he rules out irrelevant discussion and rebuttal indicates that there is always a considerable doubt in his mind whether this world is a desirable one.

The text is illustrated, appropriately enough, with designs by René Clark, one of the most influential of the artists working in advertising, whose fine simplification and sense of pattern in the handling of common, utilitarian objects—vacuum cleaners, skillets, batteries, plows, typewriters, linotypes, and business men—is in itself an indication of that new flowering of the arts in industry which has been so expectantly awaited by the prophets.

"The Ibsen centenary," says the London *Observer*, "has brought an amusing story into the German papers. It seems that for some years the dramatist lived at Munich, and took his afternoon coffee daily at the Café Maximilian, where, as his fame grew, visitors crowded to see him. Once he went for a six-weeks' holiday, and the café gradually emptied itself as his absence was realized. Then the proprietor had a happy idea. On the following day, between two and three, an actor made up in the exact likeness of Ibsen—an easy figure to impersonate—with white whiskers, gold spectacles, and in old-fashioned clothes, sipped his coffee in Ibsen's corner, and read the Norwegian papers. In a few days the café was crowded again. The story goes that Ibsen returned in time to see his double, who calmly rose from his place and left the building."

Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone, author of "In the Courts of Memory," and other diplomatic memoirs, died recently in Copenhagen. Born Lillie Greenough, of a well-known Cambridge, Mass., family, she married first Charles Moulton, a Paris banker, and subsequently de Hegermann Lindencrone, former Danish Minister at Washington. She was a woman of much charm and beauty, and her tact and sprightliness made her a prime favorite at the court of Napoleon III.

Modern Italy

STORIA d'ITALIA dal 1817 al 1915. By Benedetto Croce. Bari, Laterza, 1928.

Reviewed by Count Carlo Sforza

THIS is a strange book.

I know of no other possessing in so high a degree two apparently opposed characteristics: writing about contemporary events with as much complete serenity as if they belonged to Assyrian history; and giving at the same time the most useful key to understanding the present Italian crisis, in which everybody is interested because everybody tries to draw, from the Italian spectacle, arguments for his own fears or hopes.

For instance: one of the most recent phases of the Italian development is the sudden—or, to be more exact, the apparently sudden—stand taken by the Catholic Church in relation to the nationalistic "doctrines" from which the régime now dominating Italy took its theoretical garb. No better key is to be found to the extremely difficult problem of the relations between Italy—permanent Italy—and the Roman Church, than in certain pages of Croce's new book. "Those foreigners, unfamiliar with Italy, who fear that hidden fires may break out" will find there, at last, an illuminating vision. The present clash between the Catholic Church and the nationalism of France and Italy comes more from doctrinal necessities than from political reasons. The Vatican may compromise on many points—and indeed it does: not on the question of a really Christian education of the young generations, which seems in danger at the hands of leaders "who"—I quote from an official recent catholic publication—"deify the Nation in a spirit of paganism."

No less interesting, now that a certain part of the press, especially in England and France, is daily looking for excuses for the present Italian dictatorship in the pretended feebleness of the previous liberal rule, is it to see Croce giving such a complete and serene evidence of the marvelous work accomplished in Italy, in spite of so many historical obstacles, by the liberal statesmen, from Sella and Minghetti to Giolitti.

* * *

I was a colleague of Giolitti and Croce in the cabinet of the difficult years following the war, and previous to the artificial crisis out of which the present régime rose to power. I was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Croce for Public Education.

Croce had, for the first time in his life, accepted a portfolio. He did so only out of a sense of moral duty, recognizing the necessity of collaborating in the reconstruction of Italy after the terrible ordeal of the war. His distinguishing trait was then what it is now in this book: absolute serenity. Loyal supporter as he was of Giolitti's economic policy, which reestablished Italy's situation; warm supporter as he was of my foreign policy which aimed, in western Europe, at a moral and economic reconciliation, and, in eastern Europe, at creating lasting bonds with our Yugoslav neighbors and thereby gaining for Italy a vast field of influence with the States sprung from Austria-Hungary and in all the Balkans,—Croce remained at the same time the sovereign philosophic spirit he is in his works, always judging our common efforts *sub specie æternitatis*. It was a deep intellectual joy to work with him: I constantly had the impression that I was looking upon posterity.

This part of his new book is all the more useful because of its contrasts with the otherwise excellent book of Sturzo on "Fascism and Italy," recently published in London where the former leader of the Popular Party has been an exile since the suppression of all opposition parties in Italy. In his book Sturzo seems to me exceedingly severe towards the men of liberal Italy, not certainly out of intentional want of charity, but because of his catholic education and leanings.

Croce's book stops at the war and at the subsequent events of some of which it is impossible now to see how much is going to become political history.

In America and England Croce is essentially read and admired for his philosophic and esthetic theories. It is high time to see in him, even here in America, one of the freest and highest representatives of the human thought in history. To those who try to penetrate beneath the veneer of cheap phrases of the type of: "After all, the trains run in order" to actual conditions in present-day Italy,—Croce, breaking his silence in the only form which is now permissible for him, offers invaluable aid.

American Folklore

RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER. By Howard W. Odum. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by Mary Austin

HOWARD W. ODUM is Kenon Professor of Sociology and Director of the Institute for Research in Social Science and the School of Public Welfare at the University of North Carolina. He is also the author of several books dealing with the social conditions of the South. None of which accounts for the present work, "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," unless we are frankly to admit what has long been suspected by the writing fraternity, that the only reliable social science is the sort used by the creator of vital fiction. If a man can take his social knowledge, and with it create a figure that stands up, that lives and moves and produces in the reader the responsive pulse of livingness, then his knowledge is authentic, his science is truly knowing. The only way in which the biologist can be certain that his research is still far short of the truth about living material is that he can not work it into living creatures, can not make it perform the indispensible motions of livingness—living and reproducing its kind. Why shouldn't something of the same test be applicable to the social sciences? If it can be, then Dr. Odum stands convicted of being a true social scientist, and not merely a University Director of something or other.

From the first page of his new book, Dr. Odum's hero is seen, a black man emerging . . . Silent, a little stooped, a little shabby in dress, somewhat shambling in gait . . . turning campward at eventide of the second week of his employment on a new construction gang, just returned from his fourteenth pilgrimage to the thirty-eighth state. . . .

Got the blues; too dam' mean to cry.

All the rest of the book is the slow-moving, turgid Odyssey of this black Ulysses, as he tells it himself in the illiterate, but not unliterary, dialect of the Southern negro, racy, figurative, rising in the high emotional moments to the rhythmic, sometimes rhyming and always authentically poetic, bursts of words and melody which we recognize as characteristic of the African Negro in the United States. The man's life story issues from him like a natural spring, subject to conditions of the weather of his soul, gay or sullen or touched with tender longing for his black mammy, his childhood home, or rendered tragic by the throb of inexplicable destiny. And all the time the saga of poverty, hard labor, social neglect, more or less unwitting crime and its punishment, and the brooding mystery of blackness, is issuing in broken intervals, from the hero's own consciousness, the author gives us clearly to perceive that the Rainbow Round His Shoulder is the aura of the African personality, the color and vibration of soul stuff so close to the stuff of life itself that it is able to affect the space in which he moves. Here, deftly unrolled in undirected talk are all the reasons why in spite of the negro's intellectual limitations and his native incapacity to assimilate our Nordic culture, the attention of the Nordic reader is more and more engaged by the negro soul and its expression in indigenous art.

"Rainbow Round My Shoulder" is not a novel, unless a novel is something other than we have been accustomed to consider it.

The story has no pattern, exhibits no progressions other than the progressive deepening of the reader's sympathy which makes of the narrated incidents so many windows into the vista of primitive life reactions uncolored by the moral compulsions of a society which punishes, but fails materially to alter the

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 39.

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native impulses of the negro nature. The progressions in Ulysses's soul can be traced in the deepening note of the songs that rise straight out of crises as badly related otherwise as a court record, the rising cry of man's helplessness, his necessary dependence on a power beyond himself. Otherwise the saga of black Ulysses is as patternless as the history of the Negro race in America, the unnecessary anguish and the piercing cry of one who "if it had pleased Heaven that this poor man had been born a king, he would gracefully have filled a throne."

As a piece of writing "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" must rank with such authentic pieces of American folklore as "Uncle Remus," "Crashing Thunder," and the Gettysburg Address. If a Negro did not write it neither did a child write "Alice in Wonderland," nor a sailor "Robinson Crusoe."

Unforgotten Yesterdays

THE STUPID NINETEENTH CENTURY. By LEON DAUDET: New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1928.

LONDON NIGHTS IN THE GAY NINETIES. By SHAW DESMOND: New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by THOMAS BEER

THE difficulty of reviewing M. Daudet's tirade on the nineteenth century at all is that the book must be advertised as entertaining, casually brilliant, and often charming — worth your time, in short—while it is impossible for anybody over the age of thirty and not French, to take "the stupid nineteenth century"either very seriously or with any sharp admiration. As a lone individual I sympathize with much that M. Daudet thinks and says, but it is not possible to ignore, in his amusing book, the element of rather infantile parochialism visible, say, in such paragraphs as this:

> The left wing politician instinctively hates and fears the general officer; and the general officer continues to imagine that he is bound to conciliate the politician. The first thing Joffre should have done on assuming command on August 3, 1914, was to lock up the two traitors—Caillaux and Malvy. His victory of the Marne would have ended the war by destroying Germany's hope. Instead of which, Caillaux and Malvy remaining the political masters of the country despite the victory of the Marne, the German Government saw that after all its chances were not entirely annihilated.

But these outbreaks of ignorant Francocentricism grow less frequent as M. Leon Daudet ages and this book—elsewhere denounced as a vicious concoction of the royalist and Catholic manias—is actually more liberal in tone and wider intellectually than most of his previous publicism. He has nothing much new to say, but he says what he says with a fine invectival capacity and a considered vigor. So, if he chooses to believe that the "victory of the Marne" in 1914 could have ended the War, even with Caillaux and Malvy jailed at the commands of a military dictator, let him believe it and be comfortable in his patriotic delusions. It is pleasant to see a man love his country with such painstaking violence. And it is pleasant to discover a living writer brave enough to call Flaubert a quack, Rousseau a madman, Moréas a divine poet, and real estate sacred. M. Daudet publicly yearning for a return of the French landed gentry to power and poised—not posed—in admiration before the French peasant's simple home and simple, hard head, is one of the few agreeable items in the tiresome literary panorama of the moment. We need not ask him by what methods the pleasant land of France is to be brought back to the theology of the twelfth century and to a decorous monarchical policy. His unquestioning trust in the benefits of these restoratives is too handsome a thing for an exacting criticism.

As an attack on the superstitions of the nineteenth century other than in France, the book has no value. A few foreign names flash in and out—Haeckel, Walt Whitman, Darwin, and a penny's worth of like corrupting cattle are shot down at random. The entertaining chapter called The Romantic Aberration displays precisely what M. Daudet does not want to do. French culture is allowed to commit a solitary, unsupported, and uninfluenced death-dance before your eyes. Neither the great sinners—Chateaubriand, Hugo, Zola, Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, "a frigid cretin," Renan, and the Goncourts—nor the right crowd, a very limited set indeed, have any particular relationship to the rest of the world. With an air of impatience and haste M. Daudet sometimes admits that Kant, or some low beast of the kind, swamp, but she is generally alone in her orgy of romantic drugging and democratic prostitution. Understand, should you buy this book, that the monstrous influences playing on France from the industrial and political centres of the rest of Europe do not largely concern M. Daudet. He is wedded to Marianne and her reform, not that of the idiotic continents from which much of her income is derived, is his object.

The volume's value, perhaps, is that of an ice cold poultice. As a generalized superstition the nineteenth century has an astonishing grip on the literary mind. It remains, apparently, a treachery to something or other to question many values established. When M. Daudet points out, without introducing any novelties into his denunciation, the perilous state of the half-educated burgher and small townsman or indicates the attrition of many reputations in science he is only doing what many writers of the century, outside France, did constantly and forcibly. Passages of "The Stupid Nineteenth Century" were written before 1900 by various hands and by people not in sympathy with monarchy or the Roman church, by Tolstoy, Hardy, Shaw, Sumner, Hebbel "and Grant Allen. But much of the printed grandiloquence of those hundred years has survived in a cloying and—possibly—harmful form. An unspoken invitation, unpleasantly like a threat, is extended to the social historian by a multitude of survivors and admirers. The nineteenth century, heaven knows why, is to be taken as an absolute. Its empiricisms, its assertions, and its Great Achievements are not to be subjected to a very severe overhauling. The famous line from The Silver King is current as a motto: "Turn Back Thy Universe and Give Me Yesterday." Leon Daudet, asserting the claims of the day before yesterday, has the merit of an iced astringent.

Curiously Mr. Shaw Desmond, without meaning to, aids and gives comfort to some of M. Daudet's contentions. Mr. Desmond had no such intention. "London Nights In the Gay Nineties" is just a good-humored collection of notes on the amusements and personalities of London as the nineteenth century closed. But the book does display certain of the French writer's points. Here you have amiable evidences of the democratic and journalistic trend of the century at work. Characters are created as Mr. Desmond in his believing youth saw them created, the virtues of a politician, a music hall clown, or a strong man from Russia are magnified by the press. Behind the outline of the simple and engaging medley appears the pressure of an industrialized, nervous population. Taste, in any fine sense, has vanished. Amusements, public policies, anything printable have passed wholly from the aristocratic control into the manipulating hands of the press. The comedian in the Empire shouts the morning paper's comment on the European intervention in China at his audience in the shape of a verse in a "patter song." A machinery, almost beyond critical government, can put up Joseph Chamberlain, Marie Lloyd, the Earl's Court pleasure grounds, or an Imperial adventure in South Africa. There is a new existence by force of réclame. "Progress," within the meaning of the nineteenth century, is now a business for the Fourth Estate. It would be possible to take Mr. Desmond's jolly and sentimental book to pieces, here, and insert a kind of writing on the wall. This nightly facility of the music halls and theaters is what an august century of advertised civilization and progress had made to seem worth while. As for the aristocrats, they are lost somewhere in the smoke of this audience. Everybody is amused by very much the same things. Mr. Desmond turns back the universe for you very tenderly and tells you what was popular, and therefore good, when he was in his 'teens. The trouble was, I think, that the prodigious nineteenth century, at its end, offered grown men and women what was all right for a boy in his 'teens and that the educational forces of the century, subtly wrought out by the advance of plutocracy, argued for the prizefight, the music hall, and the Earl's Court show as ultimate satisfactions. This dubious triumph of progress in the "greatest century of human history" leads one to sympathize with Léon Daudet.

At a recent sale at Sotheby's in London a large collection of Hardy material belonging to the late Clement Shorter was offered. Mr. Shorter was a friend of Hardy and other men of letters. The items disposed of at this sale were only a portion of his library, the greater part of which, including Hardy's "The Return of the Native," he willed to Dublin University.

The Feast of Brigid

By DAVID MCCORD

ALL day, under the flying apron of an east wind, it rained and kept me locked indoors. Whenever I went to the window I saw white drops of water crawling like crystal spiders along the telegraph wires or mingling one with the other to fall, bubbling, in the clear pools of the street below. The shifting of a weathervane, as if it told the rounds of season more acutely than the filter of New England air, and oscillate queer shadows upon the gusty, wet pavement, turned me to impatience. I suppose a hundred times. And when at last, before the gray light had all passively dissolved, I went for a walk and felt the slate of the rain in my face and smelled faintly an odor from the earth that does not rise in winter, I knew, as a child knows, the oldest intimation: and a handful of verses blew as suddenly into my thinking:

> Now, with the coming in of the spring, the days will stretch a bit;
> And after the Feast of Brigid I shall hoist my flag and go
> For, since the thought got into my head, I can neither stand nor sit
> Until I find myself in the middle of the County of Mayo.

What it was that James Stephens did with those lines from the Gaelic I can never say. But they are knit with the strings of March, and I hear in them the rustle of all quickening things; and sometimes I might well be standing, because of them, in a coign of the wild Rogue River, with a pair of teal gone whistling by on the terrible wings of freedom. I remember he once told me that in translation he had lost a part of the original emotion and the sharp Hibernian beauty of its rhythm; though most of all, he confesses in "Reincarnations," the failure looms in the last stanza. Nevertheless, it is still run through by the spear of genius, and whoever has read it all and committed at least some of it to the files of his mind will find it running there, now and again, like water between the fingers.

* * *

In this way I laid hold of it that evening, as I tramped under a ceiling drained of the sun's pigment, and I saw clearly that here for that Irishman of an alien country was crushed in a poem the red wine of eternal youth:

> For age itself would leave me there, and I'd be young again.

At the same time there was compacted in it, I felt, a suggestion of that curious ungovernable nostalgia coursing through the veins of Spring: *die Sehnsucht*, the voice of Hernani crying "*Je suis une force qui va*," the pull of unknown tides, the good dark flower of romanticism lodging in the sight and minds of us all.

For it is after the Feast of Brigid, and not before, that we set upon great journeys and face into the mountains and follow the caravan, and give ourselves to the stars. When will it come? Alas! who knows. It may be in the morning "in the birded dawn," when sleep has robbed us, and we stir in bed, and the breath of April outside the window is more than we can bear. It may be on the wild winter road when the autumn ruts are frozen and the sky towers like a swift cold steel; or it may foam under the lamp at evening on the page of a book, in a lonely word, or from the blue thesis of smoke itself upon which earnest study should be founded. At such times it comes, with the spell of India, and the welcome of the Romes and Catanzaros of Goethe and Gissing. Knocking, you may add, with a failing hand, yet rousing us from mortal torpor to stand for an instant beyond the farthest horizon, and to search the pitiless depth between the lodestar and Aldebaran.

* * *

It may be to-day, to-morrow, or a year from now. Or itself, it can die in a minute; it could outlast an hour. No man shall mould its period or cry its wonder or spell its name any more than he shall witness the divine process by which the caterpillar is translated into wings under the silken laminæ of his cocoon. All that we own is this fortifying conscience that we still seek the sign as we meet Apollo in the circle of his ways or night with the fine granules of its sowing, and sense between the two the wedge that shall one day split the universe into the heaven we desire.

No man shall tell its coming; yet my Feast of Brigid, at hours like that whereof I walked from winter into spring, seems as certain as the keys in

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my pocket or the bell-beat of the wings of those geese I followed this morning streaming to the north. I nearly saw it then. Musketaquit, as any brook of half its name, slipped a syllable of the word for Emerson who wrote it down. It is not inkling that we lack so much as the thing itself. The farm boy will find it in the piping chorus from the marsh. Ireland or Massachusetts, the Feasts of Brigid are the same. In the thought of it I build my castles; in its thrall I am alive. By its happening only shall I ever really hoist my flag and go, for with its time is fixed the one moment of departure. For each of us a Mayo or the tea gardens of Japan: I do not distinguish places of the earth or of the mind. I listen, merely, as you have done, to the sound of a great city or the whisper of summer in the hills, and set my heart on the words I almost fear; and when they come I shall bravely set out, it may be, for the first and last Valhalla of my life.

"Poor White Trash"

WIDE FIELDS. By PAUL GREEN. New York: Robert W. McBride & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JULIA PETERKIN
Author of "Black April"

SO much of Paul Green's work has concerned Negroes that his name is identified with his powerful ability to portray the experiences of black people. We who have spent our lives with them thick around us, seeing them constantly, hearing what they say day after day, have had our ears sharpened to their speech and our eyes guided to see deeper into the secret places of their hearts by what Paul Green has written about them.

A few Negroes, part white, part black, have places in his "Wide Fields," but most of the book is given up to poor white farmers of the Carolina cotton belt, people who belong to that pathetic class situated between the descendants of former slave owners and those of former slaves. The Negroes scornfully call them "Po buckras" and the more fortunate whites consider them "Trash." Their lot is far less desirable than that of the Negroes if happiness has any part in forming life's goal. Galled by proverty, driven by an unending struggle to wrench a bare living out of the stubborn earth, their vision warped by ignorance and their eyes wearied by a suspicious watching for unfriendly things, ease and pleasure long ago came to seem forms of wickedness, and happiness only another name for sin. For generations their only hope has lain in achieving Heaven when life is done; but their God is a jealous, all-seeing Deity who forever spies on them and allows them no second of privacy while he hounds them constantly with sorrow, grief, storms, floods, droughts, every manner of trial, as long as they live on earth.

Before the war between the states a poor white rarely owned land or a slave. He was usually a tenant, now and then an overseer. As a rule these white overseers were despised by the blacks and, although several generations have passed since slavery was abolished, Negroes who have never known either slavery or overseers use the contemptuous term "Overseer chillen" for certain white people on whom the old ways of the fathers have left a subtle mark even to the third and fourth generation.

To-day, all poor whites are not poor in material things by any manner of means. It is no longer possible to tell one by his clothes or his automobile. County agents sent out by the government have taught them something about balancing their rations and how to cure hookworm and malaria. Ford automobiles and better roads have taken them to town where they see moving pictures and the latest millinery. Each year finds them more prosperous, and more changed in appearance and circumstances.

Certainly, many of them still chew tobacco and dip snuff and work in the fields the same as the Negroes, the men doing the heavier tasks while the women and children, bare-footed, sunburned, submissive, plod up and down furrows, jerking hoes through tough grass roots, chopping cotton to a stand, setting out tobacco plants, picking tobacco worms, stripping fodder from the corn, tarrying at home on week days to slave over wash pots and cook stoves; yet in spite of the handicap of poverty and ignorance they have a curious sturdiness which enables them to lift themselves up by the straps of their dusty shoes.

In many communities they are in a large majority and control the political situation completely, sending their own representatives to the legislature and to Congress. Presidents of banks and of cotton mills, even college professors have risen from among them. Men stepped from birth in their stern theology become preachers who can draw comfortable salaries for scaring faithful, earnest congregations of Christians one day a week, with the terrors of the inevitable hereafter.

They are all one hundred per cent. Americans. And while they may never have owned slaves, most of them are the progeny of men who fought the British soldiers to establish America's independence. They have no country clubs or golf links or polo grounds, but they do have secret orders which teach them mysterious passwords and hand-shakes and how to go marching through the night with torches and fiery crosses. Their women get training for club membership in councils for farm women and mothers' clubs for the improvement of schools, and their names are steadily lengthening the roll calls of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Although a poor white cannot now be recognized by his personal appearance, he can invariably be told by his attitude of mind, for his outstanding trait is intolerance. He is not only hard on his own kind, but on everybody else. Especially is he hard on members of other races. A foreign-sounding name, a dark skin, a broken accent, are as much anathema to him as a candle in a church or the smell of incense.

Paul Green knows them. In "Wide Fields," he not only tells us about them, but he contrives to put us into their skins and make us suffer with them. Reading the book is not a pleasant experience, for while it holds comedy and humor, it is packed with stark, bitter tragedy.

A young wife who craves beauty and cleanliness gets choked to death because a high-collared dude tempts her to leave her sweaty, smelly, hard-working husband; a middle-aged virgin's birthday brings her day-dreams, then a pitiful sinful night-dream threatens her soul's salvation; the queer ways of a woods-colt and a gypsy woman and other humble people are put into words flavored all the way through with Elizabethan idiom, so they stand out in clear, sharp, heart-breaking lines. Surely, Paul Green's deep sincerity, his sense of pity, the dignity of his work, give him a high place in contemporary American literature.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

(*Continued from page 775*)

often misunderstood, the willingness to conciliate of a guest. This is ideal for the writing of history, the faults of which are usually either a dull assumption that we know our own country (a sad fallacy) and need be told only of events, or a local bias by which American history in particular becomes either Federalist or Democrat. Mr. Morison's delicate stance, with one foot in Oxford and the other in Boston, made a careful balance essential. He had to write for the family, and for its neighbors too. As a result, this seems one of the least partial of American histories. And there is a light-handed humor in the writing which may spring from the necessity of proving the towering importance of our history to Europe, while reminding the folks at home that we often take ourselves too seriously. Especially praiseworthy is the chapter on the Civil War, and it is a pleasure to see a New Englander give those moral idiots of Reconstruction what they deserve.

Mr. Weston's Good Wine. By T. F. POWYS. The Viking Press.

You come to fiction after a course in history and chronicle with a sharper taste for the novel that tries to be a novel and not bastard biography. "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" is almost shockingly earthy. The little village of Folly Down is thirsty and lustful, and its rector stopped believing in God when his lovely wanton wife was killed before his eyes. But Mr. Powys has created life in this book. Folly Down has the authenticity of the merry Flemish scenes in Hell that one sees in Brussels galleries. Mr. Weston (who is God) could have driven his Ford truck to no place where human nature was more thick and crusty, and when he offers his two wines—the light, of love and illusion, the heavy, of death—and reads from his Book of which, as an artist, he is so proud, there is none of the rather brittle satire of recent Adam and Eve stories in the symbolism. Love, whether for God or for a man or a woman, is the only justification for humanity in the eyes of a partial God, who finds the machine age rather tiresome, and life running rich and savory still only in wicked, little places like Folly Down, where there are still saints and villains with blood thick enough to mix wine with.

A Monumental Work

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

AT last the "Oxford English Dictionary" is completed. If there seems to be a ring of impatience in these words, they must be interpreted only in terms of desire and need, not at all as a criticism of the rate of speed at which this great undertaking has been carried out. Many a scholar now living remembers the keen pleasure with which he greeted the first volume in 1888, and to have brought to an end the publication of a work of such magnitude as the "Oxford English Dictionary" in less than two generations is a record to be proud of. The Germans have completed many colossal books, but Grimm published the first volume of the "Deutsches Wörterbuch" thirty-four years before the appearance of the first volume of the "Oxford English Dictionary," and the "Deutsches Wörterbuch" is still far from sight of the end. All of the "Oxford English Dictionary" has at last come from the press, and now anyone fortunate enough to own a copy of the book may gaze upon it, from A to Z, safely housed on his shelves. But the fathers and founders of this great work have not lived to see the day. The noble dead figure largely in the annals of the "Oxford English Dictionary" as well as the noble living.

* * *

The "Oxford English Dictionary" now takes its place as the most satisfying monument of scholarship ever reared in the English language. No other large scholarly work approaches it in perfection of design and execution. One thinks of Gibbon's Rome and Masson's Milton, but perhaps works like these, done single-handed, are not fairly to be compared with a coöperative enterprise like the "Oxford English Dictionary." More in its class are the publications of the Early English Text Society and other publishing associations, or the volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography" or of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." In mere bulk less extensive than some of these other works, the "Oxford English Dictionary" is more impressive in design and detail, perhaps it is not too much to say, in its quality as a work of art. The obvious comparison, one that has often been made, likens the "Oxford English Dictionary" to a medieval cathedral. For the Dictionary also is a manifestation of the spirit, a noble monument achieved through the harmonious working together of a brotherhood of souls devoted to some of the severest disciplines and the highest aspirations of our day. That the Dictionary will stand the dilapidations of time as well as medieval cathedrals have done, no one can doubt. The reduplications of print and paper assure a less perishable medium than mortar and stone. But as the expression of a spiritual attitude also the Dictionary will survive. Undoubtedly new English dictionaries will be made in the course of the next thousand years, and it may be that untried and different endeavors will animate the makers of the dictionaries of the future.

* * *

Perhaps in time a dictionary may be constructed the materials of which can be organized on some more reasonable plan than that merely of following the letters of the alphabet. It is true that any person who consults the "Oxford English Dictionary" must bring a good deal of knowledge to the book before he can get out of it all the knowledge it contains. Such seemingly simple words, for example, as *do*, *make*, *put*, are not at all simple in the account given of them in the Dictionary. And the average person often feels the need of an expert to explain to him the embarrassing riches which the experts have brought together for his benefit. But no scheme for a dictionary any better or more readily intelligible than the historical alphabetical plan followed by the "Oxford English Dictionary" as yet appears above the horizon. Perhaps the historical approach to matters of human interest may seem less important to future generations than it does to our own, but that it should ever seem untrue or uninteresting is scarcely conceivable. Even if it should outlive its immediate usefulness, the "Oxford English Dictionary" will always stand as an inspiring monument of human endeavor.

In another respect the "Oxford English Dictionary" is like a medieval cathedral. There are cathedrals on which the scaffolding has been in place at one spot or another almost uninterruptedly from the

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time when the first walls were reared to the present day. Was any medieval cathedral ever altogether completed? Already the editors of the Dictionary announce a supplementary volume as in preparation and almost ready for publication, and further supplements at intervals of a few years will certainly be called for. But there is no question at present of a revision of the Dictionary in any aspect of its general method. If the first plan of the Dictionary were being made to-day, perhaps a different and simpler method of indicating pronunciations would be chosen, and certainly the records of American uses in the earlier volumes would be fuller and more discriminating than the materials available permitted at the time when these volumes were printed. But it is significant that the supplement now in preparation is not to be a large book. Omissions and gaps in the "Oxford English Dictionary" are not readily to be found, and a reader who discovers a word not there recorded, or use of a word a few years earlier than the examples cited in the Dictionary enjoys a legitimate, but a rare pleasure.

The "Oxford English Dictionary" was indeed undertaken at a happy moment. The enthusiasms of the first great period of Indo-European scholarship were still at their height when the work was begun, yet the crudities of the earlier scholarship which has now become antiquated had been outlived. There is therefore nothing grotesque in the scholarship of the "Oxford English Dictionary," nothing that will have to be discarded, so far as one can see, for generations to come. This great stability of the Dictionary can be realized when it is compared, for example, with a book like Webster's dictionary, published just about thirty years before work on the "Oxford English Dictionary" was begun. Yet the ink was scarcely dry on Webster's book before it was seen to be full of scholarly absurdities, and the whole of Webster's deluded theories of etymology, in which he had taken such great pride, had to be set aside by later revisers. No such fate awaits the "Oxford English Dictionary." It was written in the fulness of time, and in its main principles and in the great body of its detail, undoubtedly it will stand the tests of time.

This is not the same as saying that the "Oxford English Dictionary" contains everything that an English dictionary could or should contain. In fact one is continually coming across words not recorded in the Dictionary. But these missing words were not passed by through oversight. They are not in the Dictionary because they were not in existence in the language when the records of the Dictionary were made. An entertaining history of our times would be implied in a list of the words or senses of words not to be found in the "Oxford English Dictionary." So familiar a word as *automobile* is not in the Dictionary, nor is the word *aerial* as a noun, nor is *ace*, a person who has brought down a certain number of aeroplanes, nor many another word that every schoolboy now knows. But of course the later letters of the Dictionary fare better than the earlier, and though A is lacking in words about automobiles and aeroplanes, and though V still knows nothing of *volplane*, Z does contain *Zeppelin* and *zoom*. Most of the vocabulary of the war came too late to find a place, and discoveries or inventions of recent times, for example *bakelite* and *insulin*, obviously could not be recorded. Nor is *jazz* in the Dictionary, though *fox-trot* is there. But it is not *fox-trot* as the word would be defined to-day, for the "Oxford English Dictionary" knows the word only as the name for "a pace with short steps, as in changing from trotting to walking," not as the name for a dance. And the Dictionary's description of *fan* as "a jocular abbreviation of fanatic" does very well so far as it goes, though to call the word obsolete, as the Dictionary does, proves that even the wisest dictionary makers cannot foresee the futures of the words they record.

Obviously these instances of words missing in the "Oxford English Dictionary" have not been mentioned in reproof, but merely to indicate that dictionary making is like woman's work, never done. Yet it is better than woman's work, for it is not a repetition of the same tasks over and over again. A dictionary that will faithfully record a living language like English must itself be a living thing. It must grow and change with the language, and the happy fate of the "Oxford English Dictionary" in the future, one may hope, is not that it shall remain as it is, but that it shall have many years, many ages, of growth and change before it.

For history of the "Oxford English Dictionary," see page 792.

Mr. Moon's Notebook

April 12: *The Breaks.*

SOMETHING inside is always saying, "Splendid,—O splendid! The luck is with you!" Or, again, something inside is saying, "No use now, no use, no use at all; the fates gather, they gather,—your luck is out!" The Greeks, it seems to me, from my imperfect recollection of the past, believed in the fates and that sort of thing. But this is a little different.

We have a word in Americanese that expresses our national faith in Luck. We speak of "the breaks." "He got all the breaks," we say. Or, "Isn't that life for you,—do I ever get any of the breaks?" Shakespeare, of course, was referring to much the same thing when he orated, "There is a tide in the affairs of men—" etc., etc.

Yes, I know that one's physiological condition has a good deal to do with it. For that matter, the weather has a good deal to do with it, as well as the amount of sleep you got the night before. But I will never understand exactly how things happen; or exactly why, starting out bright and fresh in the morning with the best intentions in the world, a chain of trivial circumstances can turn me into a snarling hyena,—or why, on the other hand, in a time of unexpected stress, I sometimes feel descend upon me a great calm and sense of mastery. These moods are ephemeral. But they do not seem to be in the least logical reactions. Something outside appears to help or to hinder.

* * *

I think that Americans, of all the nationalities, most profoundly believe in luck. We began as a nation by gambling on the future of a continent. Most of our great industrial pioneers have been inspired gamblers. We are the three-card monte men of the world. We regard life as a faro layout. We have roulette wheels spinning in our brains, and anything is likely to turn up. That is why we cling tenaciously to our individual enterprise and our open competition. We *like* the idea of "the breaks." Even in our most depressed moments we sagely surmise, "The run of the cards can't always be against you this way,—hang on, hang on, you can call the turn!"

I must confess—having lived my entire life in it—to feeling invigorated by this atmosphere. Furthermore, I have amassed my own small private fortune (now consisting of a nickel and two pennies in my right hand trouser-pocket—until I get that check cashed along the fringes of literature. And anyone who tries to make his stake by writing, knows that practitioners of this and other arts are the greatest gamblers of all. Free-lances gamble the most desperately, but all of us, big or infinitesimal, face down each day in the belief that a bonanza of ideas is just around some corner in our mind. Sportsmen, I know, are deeply superstitious, but no more superstitious than the average writer, concerning the great idea that may occur to him, the technical proficiency that may suddenly descend upon him, sitting at the same old typewriter day in and day out and hammering out the same old drivel.

* * *

I have dipped at times into books on palmistry or "Your fate read in the Stars," or other matter of the same general description. They can tell you your lucky month, your lucky day of the week, and so on. Having worked it out, I always promptly forget mine,—so it doesn't do me much good. But I can feel through all my being the advent of my lucky day when it is upon me. A recent popular song is thoroughly American in its explosive ejaculation of "O-o-o, Boy, I'm lucky,—*I'll* say I'm lucky—!" Every star-spangled heart lifts to some such tune at the turn of the tide,—and spends most of its heavier throbbing waiting for the event.

That is why other nations are frequently annoyed by our naturally boisterous enthusiasm when the luck is in. When the luck is out, we are inclined to whoop it up anyway because of our childish faith. We are not a nation of saturnine philosophers. It annoys us to dwell in the doldrums. We need more pessimists, I know; we need more deep thinkers; but we have produced some peerless comedians. Our passion for musical comedy is a celebration of our belief in "the breaks." Through the frantically swaying ranks of chorus girls and chorus men the rich uncle from Oskaloosa swaggers grandly to the footlights. "Jack, my boy, you have proved yourself a good scout and I'm dead stuck on that little girl of yours. Take her with my blessing, and here's a million dollars. You've convinced me that there's life in the old dog yet." Song cue: "Old dogs are gay dogs, sometimes Broad*way* dogs," etc., etc.

Oh, of course, it's all extremely silly,—if not noxious. But if you doubt that faith in an incredible something-for-nothing rules the actions of a large part of the youth of the United States, you can find that youth quite frankly, and, in the end, ironically depicted in such a novel as Scott Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and Damned." The author deals with instances that are, though we may deplore it, not too particular. The author himself, I should say, from slight observation, is profoundly American in his fascinated study of "the breaks." In another novel of his, "The Great Gatsby" rides "the breaks" to affluence like the visions of Alnaschar, and "the breaks," again, eclipse him in disaster. The Greeks, at this point, would have introduced the Eumenides or Alecto and Tisiphone, but then the Greeks were always sure that the worst was going to happen. The great American idea is just the opposite. You are going to make your fortune in the Movies.

The fatalist may be a gambler. But the best gamblers worship their intuition and proceed as it dictates, without pondering the thread-hung sword that waits to fall. I do not mean that successful Americans do not weigh cause and consequence. Great financiers deal with facts, they use expert judgment, they possess practical vision. Many of those who amass fortunes are by no manner of means "fools for luck." But in most of our minds there is a dancing demon. We nurse the belief—often disastrous—that "something outside" is suddenly in charge. We plunge on a guess, on the great American "hunch," at a flicker in the brain we become mad mystics.

* * *

Well, gaze around at this city. It is incredible,—in its gargantuan architecture, in its roaring vitality. Here, where so much money is come-easy go-easy, where a multitude of wage-slaves exceeds any other nation in extravagance, where the lullaby of to-day is "I met a man—" to rise into the pæan of to-morrow, "—who put me on to a sure thing,"—here is one of the greatest capitals in the world fervently consecrated to "the breaks."

There was much talk during the Great War, chiefly by Englishmen, of the English habit of "muddling through." I have never been able to see that we Americans are not a nation with exactly the same propensity. Perhaps we are inclined toward more grandiose visions and are more besotted by our own ingenuity, which results in vast campaigns of advertising and in structures like the Paramount building and in a mass of labor-saving devices,—but we rarely raise our eyes from our toys of trade to ponder the future. We can rise to situations when they are overpoweringly upon us, but we hardly ever see them coming. So great are the natural resources of our continent, so widespread our industry, so deep our faith in mere "prosperity" that, as Edwin Arlington Robinson has pointed out in his poem, "Cassandra," there are few indeed to hear her voice.

Happy-go-lucky is our philosophy, even in the face of modern problems that grow constantly more grave. Till very lately our favorite poetry was the happy-go-lucky rhyming of the sunny-hearted Hoosier, James Whitcomb Riley. And to-day Edgar Guest comforts our hearts in wide syndication. Most Americans have the knack for "making money," and so long as they are in possession of the Great American porcelain and nickel bathroom, of a car, of a set of golf-clubs, of a suburban home and a radio, all must be unconscionably well. They had faith in "the breaks," and just look what "the breaks" brought them. There *is* a Santa Claus.

* * *

I am not feeling superior. I recognize in myself the same fundamental superstition that keeps me somewhat cheerful even when clouds are black. Just once in a while, however, a pang shoots through me, the solid world dissolves, and I see a tarantella of multitudinous little dark figures jigging on the edge of a cloudy precipice. So I raise my eyes unto the car-cards that brightly prescribe all sorts of wonderful panaceas for this and for all other ailments—to the car-cards, the billboards, the sky-signs, whence cometh our national hope!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

(To be continued)

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Debunking Columbus

THE TRUE ADVENTURE OF COLUMBUS. By Marius André. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by Carl Christian Peterson

THE more it changes, the more is it ever the same thing. We are continually striving to classify and label this and that, so that we may comfortably put our hands on it when we want it. But the labels never stay put. Our only consolation is that after all it does not matter about labels: the contents never change, or hardly ever. For example, there is history.

A very great American authority—perhaps I should say *the greatest* according to Dun and Bradstreet's—has said that history is the bunk. That of course refers to all history. It is a broad and comprehensive label, that scraps at once every classification, such as *ancient, medieval, modern,* with all the sub-classifications, epochs, eras, and what not. Well, it was about time for something of that sort to be done for history. Look at the way the thing has piled up on us! What with Odysseus and Plutarch, what with Baron Munchausen and Parson Weems, what with Homer and Herodotus and other chroniclers of early and late unpleasantnesses, and their commentators of greater or less sagacity and relevancy and garrulity, why, the subject was overflowing all bounds when Mr. Ford took it in hand to straighten it out for us. Thanks to him and Edison we no longer need to burn the midnight oil in study, or brave the mystery of the Sphinx to *chercher la femme;* we have but to *chercher le bunk,* by switching on the electric current.

Believe me, there is a great deal in that. Has not our heart often burned within us, puzzling over dates and dynasties or the queer doings of Amenhoteb and Hammurabi and Kubla Khan? Then some genius like Mr. Ford comes along to interpret them for us, to show us that they are real guys, as modern and rational and sophisticated as, let us say, the Hon. William Hale Thompson or Nicky Arnstein, Esq. Let us understand clearly—there is and can be no complexity, no perplexity, except what we make for ourselves, or permit others to fabricate for us. There is no time, or if so, it is the same thing as space, which, as Professor Einstein demonstrates, is as curved and crooked as a boomerang that comes back to smack us on the sconce. Henceforth for us the rule is, simplicity, forever simplicity. And, brethren, I adjure you, *toujours cherchez le bunk.* This is what the late M. Marius André has been doing for us in the domain of history.

* * *

And who is or was M. André? Those of you who read and enjoy the sprightly language of Rostand and Dumas, of Le Sage and La Fontaine, will require no answer. Probably you will have read already in the original André's epoch-making book, "La Véridique Aventure de Christophe Colomb," now appearing in English under the abbreviated title of "Columbus." But you may have known him only as the author of such standard historical treatises as "La Fin de l'Empire Espanol d'Amérique," or "Bolivar et la Démocratie." You may, in short, have classified him by his earlier works as "just one more of those tiresome historians." In that case I hereby serve notice on you, and incidentally on all to whom these presents shall come, whether man, wife, or child able to read the English language, prepare yourselves for a delicious treat. I hereby challenge all and sundry persons who will start reading André's book, that they will not be able to stop till they finish it at one sitting. That is the kind of a book it is; it tells you something of the kind of man the author is. To be sure André is a historian. But above and beyond that he is a *man* who never forgets his own manhood, or fails to recognize manhood in his fellow man, however tarnished, overlaid and encrusted it may be with the "sin which doth so easily beset us."

André was born and reared a Provençal, native of that most Latin as well as most French of all France's provinces. Home of the Troubadours in an age of stilted chivalry, when poesy had no other expression, Provençe is the home of poesy still. Primarily, André, an ardent disciple of Mistral, is himself no mean poet. His biography of Columbus is a prose poem. In so defining it, no detraction is either implied, intended, or deserved. The prodigious labor, industry, and learning, upon which as foundation this as his other historical works rest, are discernible only to the trained scholar and historian; so skilfully does the author employ his unquestionable art and talents as a writer, guided by his gift of poetic insight, that his finished work takes on the glamor of a fascinating tale of fiction, while exhibiting the form and polish of the keenest satire and most unassailable dialectic; all delivered in a punctilio of the highest courtesy and best of temper throughout. Yet there is no surplus verbiage. On the contrary, the book is a model of concise and lucid statement. Its 286 pages contain but few if any words that might be omitted without damage to the context and the clarity of the thesis. Suppression of non-essentials is a passion with André.

* * *

He has set himself the task of *debunking* Columbus. After an unrelieved legendary growth of four centuries, unrelieved by a single serious effort at a truthful historical delineation, it is no easy matter to set the world right regarding the fraud that so long has masqueraded as truth. It is a Herculean labor. It has involved researches through the archives of Spain and her provinces, of Portugal, Italy, England, France, and other countries. It has entailed the critical study of a voluminous literature, comparable to such as attaches to the most prominent historic characters. All this for the first time; for André is a pioneer in this field. That he has compressed his materials and the results of his researches within the covers of a thin volume of less than 300 pages must be regarded as a marvel. It might easily have been expanded to ten times that length without seeming unduly prolix. Yet André has succeeded in covering the subject with but one serious error—an error we shall presently note. In his main object, that of *debunking*, André has succeeded admirably. The *blurb* does not exaggerate:

> Columbus . . . is exposed as a braggart and a liar, an unscrupulous adventurer driven by fanatical ambition. In this biography we see the manner in which he duped the court and kingdom of Spain while he was alive, and history after his death. Trait by trait his true character emerges. Ignorant, dishonest, unscrupulous . . . an incompetent sailor and a failure as administrator.

This catalogue might be indefinitely extended without overstepping the truth. The dominant note of Columbus's character is shown to be a dissimulation magnified to an obsession that distrusts and seeks to deceive his best friends, and even his own son, coupled with an invincible and callous cruelty that in the end turned all the world against him, leaving him at last a defeated, friendless outcast. A critic of the French original summarizes as follows:

> The net result of our analysis discloses Columbus as a "discoverer" whose discovery had been made by another five centuries before; an admiral who could not navigate a ship . . . who floundered helplessly through every cruise he ever made, brought his men to the verge of famine and mutiny and was saved from death and disaster only by the ability of his subordinates . . . a governor without discipline or the gift of command; a traitor to his sovereign, who deserved to be shot; a professed Christian apostle who murdered and enslaved his flock; a man without truth, understanding, honor, faith, gratitude, or loyalty.

Notwithstanding that André establishes the truth of this indictment by an unanswerable array of evidence, he nevertheless maintains the absurd contention that Columbus is to be regarded as the discoverer of America. This is an error all the more flagrant because his own researches and testimony show that at least three men preceded Columbus, from one of whom (Alonso Sanchez) Columbus obtained the secret of the discovery (that of Antilia or Santo Domingo). Coupled with this error, however, is a most inexplicable omission by M. André to mention the Norse discovery of America, made by Leif Ericsson in the year 1000. This is the more inexplicable since he (André) notes the visit of Columbus to Iceland, the birthplace of Leif Ericsson, in 1477. It should have occurred to M. André to ask himself the question, "why does Columbus visit Iceland?" The answer could not have failed him. He understands that it is not for trade; there is none, and if there had been Columbus is not equipped to handle it. It is not for pleasant diversion of leisure; Columbus is poor and has no leisure. There is but one conceivable reason why Columbus would want to undertake such a voyage, and that is to ascertain from authentic sources the location and extent of Vinland.

At the very time that André is putting the finishing touches upon his book, Stefansson in an article on "The Norse Voyages to America" (see *New York Times, July* 18, 1926), calls attention to the undisputed and indisputable truth of this discovery. In his article Dr. Stefansson further cites the evidence of the Vatican records to the effect that the Roman Catholic church was fully aware of the Norse discovery, and was interested in converting the heathen inhabitants of Vinland, so much so, that public contributions were being collected in the churches of Spain for this purpose in the very year 1492, in which Columbus set sail from Palos. Surely such evidence must have been open to André in 1926, as readily as it was to Stefansson. And in 1492 it could not have escaped the notice of Columbus.

The obvious truth is that Columbus made no discoveries, unless it was the mysterious island of San Salvador, which has never appeared on any map, and of the "perfect savage" or "man in a state of nature." André has brought this out with a charming humor that constitutes one of the attractive features of this book. He sees Columbus as a man possessed of an extraordinary gift of the imaginative faculty, and has for him a fellow feeling because he regards Columbus as a poet and a dreamer of beautiful dreams. This, however, does not blind André to Columbus's faults, or hinder him from setting them forth in all their horrid nakedness; often with an irresistibly ludicrous effect, and always with fairness and good temper.

The translator has done her work faithfully and evidently *con amore.* A translator's task is an exacting one, and Miss Huguenin is to be congratulated upon meeting this test triumphantly. On page 35, however, there is a slight departure from the meaning and sense of the French text, that should be remedied. Her rendition reads:

> To the care that Columbus took to lead his contemporaries astray from the truth were added the myths and open lies invented by others during three centuries and a half. *The latter were fabricated partly in order to exalt his place in history, partly with the systematic intention of vilifying the Spanish people, their Catholic Majesties Isabella and Ferdinand, and the Catholic Church itself.* (Italics those of the reviewer.)

The author does not write anything that can be reduced to the above underscored sentence. His words are—"*soit pour l'exalter, soit pour utilizer sa legende dans une œuvre de dénigrement du peuple espanol, des Rois Catholiques, et de l'Église*"—parenthetical clauses injected into another sentence, which the translator has divided into two separate sentences, making the conjectural into a positive statement, as underscored above. André not only did not charge the authors of the Columbus legend with intent to "blacken the Catholic Church," he could not even have seriously entertained the belief, and he must have known that such was never the intent. In any event it could not have been made effective, since the church has always possessed the truth to refute such intent. After his long life and zealous devotion to his fath and church to charge Bishop Bartholome de Las Casas, the father of the Columbus legend, with "systematic intention of vilifying . . . the Catholic Church," would seem to be a particularly bad guess. The book will doubtless provoke much discussion.

Stefan-Into-Fox

BEN JONSON'S VOLPONE, freely adapted into German by Stefan Zweig. Translated by Ruth Langner. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2. Produced by the Theatre Guild.

Reviewed by John Mason Brown

Theatre Arts Monthly

SOME months ago Ashley Dukes fathered the discomforting paradox that "those countries where Shakespeare is translated may one day understand him better than the countries where he is played in his original tongue." Mr. Dukes proceeded to uphold his point by using contemporary Germany as an illustration. There, said he, a new generation of translators is at work, freely substituting a living idiom for the cobwebs of the old translations, and bringing the originals into a closer immediacy with audiences of to-day. The logical safeguard of this younger generation of translators, as Mr. Dukes noted, is that they do not have to contend with sacrosanct originals, as we do, but feel independent to take what liberties they please. Nor do they except even the most reverenced of their forerunners. Even Schlegel, whose "language is to the speech of modern Germany what the language of the Book of Common Prayer (or for that matter the Bible) is to the present English speaking world," is not spared. For all his deliberate Elizabethanism and in spite of the beauty of his rendering, these moderns hold him no more sacred than themselves. Translators the world over have a way of not taking other translators too seriously. And their very lack

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of reverence for their predecessors' work is the surest guarantee of the living quality of the original they all admire. Their realization that "translations are in their very nature subject to decay," as Mr. Dukes phrases it, is but one step removed from the no less pertinent realization that originals are likewise subject to the same decay. Accordingly this new generation of German translators, who are immune to all the "right or wrong, my classics" prattle of the educators and bothered by no patrotic prejudices, have not been content merely to improve the translations of their forerunners. Instead, they have even dared to remodel their borrowed originals, refurbishing them with all modern improvements, and going beyond such trivial externalities as modern dress to such wholesale restatements as modern speech and modern plotting. Thus they sweep away the awesome remoteness of a classic and bring it back to a new life in the theatre of to-day.

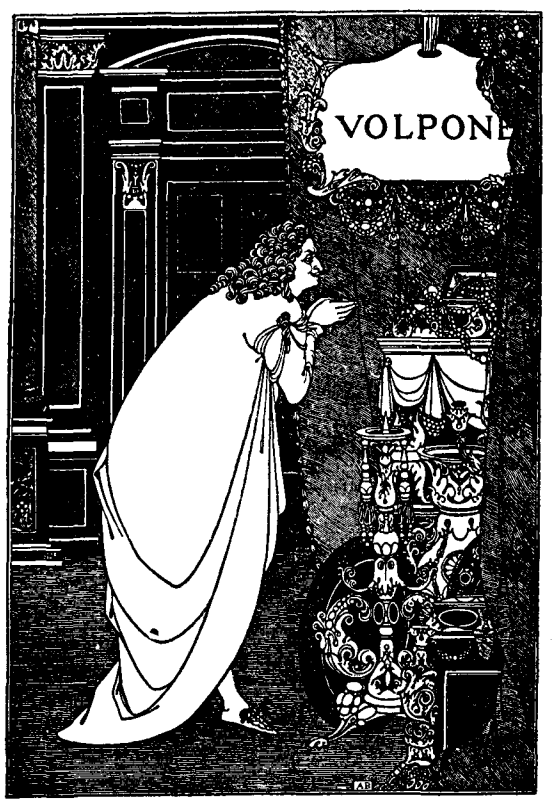
* * *

What Mr. Dukes has prophesied for Shakespeare in Germany has already taken place with the much neglected Ben Jonson in New York, due to the handiwork of a German translator. His "Volpone" has come to the stage of the Theatre Guild by one of the oddest international routes our theatre has so far known. This present version springs from a parentage that is far more complicated than those which even the most ethnologically minded of our playwrights have dared to treat. It was written by the redoutable Ben, with a loving fondness for the form of the Roman comedies, in the early years of King James's reign, and reaches New York in a translation by Ruth Langner of a translation made into German, from the Elizabethan model, by Stefan Zweig. Nor is the parentage of this "Volpone" even as simple as that. Stefan Zweig, to be sure, has acted as adaptor as well as translator, and has run Jonson's lumpy satire through the sieve of modernity. He has pruned it of its wordiness and concentrated its action, doing away with the verse and some of the subplots, and substituting his own invention wherever it seemed advisable. In short, he has clipped the play's Elizabethan wings, and, by saying in six scenes what it said in eighteen, made it walk that straighter and narrower path the technique of our modern theatre demands.

In the process of simplifying the old satire, Herr Zweig and his American translator have increased the Roman flavor of "Volpone" almost in exact proportion as they have eradicated its Elizabethanism. In doing that they have, if anything, come closer to Ben Jonson's own satiric goal than he came himself. He, less than anyone, would have objected to the change in tone that the process of modernization has wrought. Never unmindful of what the Roman comics writers had accomplished, and never admitting that one had to be in Rome to do what they had done, Ben Jonson would have hailed with especial glee the manner in which his German adaptor has carried Jonson's favorite "humour comedy" even farther than he carried it himself. Herr Zweig considerately notes for the non-Latinists in his audience that the names of the characters who stalk through this pitiless pasquinade against the power of money, "are Italian animal names and are symbolic of the characters: Volpone, the fox, Mosca, the gadfly, Crow, Raven, et cetera." But it should be noted that Herr Zweig is more faithful to his zoölogy than Jonson was. He calls the courtezan of his invention, Canina, the bitch, and dubs Corbaccio's son, Leone, where Jonson contented himself with a tepid, "Bonario." For Corvino's wife, whom Jonson dismissed with a mere human name like, "Celia," Herr Zweig supplies Colomba, the dove, thus focussing the nature of his comedy, and indicating that Aesop is to preside over his satire and making it throughout "The Blue Bird" of vice.

* * *

As an example of heartless and conscienceless comedy Ben Jonson's "Volpone" is almost unique in the long tradition of English comic writing. He peoples his play with no virtuous men or women, and allows none of his characters to make bids for sympathy. His Volpone is a wretched old miser, who feigns to be at death's door because he has a double end in mind. He craves, for one thing, the sour pleasure of watching his friends fight over his inheritance. And, more especially, he wants to hide away, in his treasure chest, the costly presents he knows they will bring him to court his favor. He is a licentiate, too, at a late, autumnal age, who has cast his eye on Corvino's wife, and who is willing to disguise himself even as a pill-seller to obtain her. In all his schemes he is aided by Mosca, one of the most inventive and unholy rascals in the whole of English dramatic literature. His friends, too, are a money-mad and honorless crew of pimps and usurers and prostitutes, far different from the mild-voiced good and bad apprentices who tread timorously toward retribution in our modern comedies. The scorn Jonson heaped on them, however, was not intended to create only a conscienceless world of comedy. In "Volpone," as in "Every Man Out of His Humour," Ben Jonson was the satirist at work, whose aim was to strip the ragged follies of the time, naked as at their birth." He was castigating and chastizing with the felling blows of a broadsword. But at the end of his satire even Ben Jonson bowed his head before the Englishman's unfailing desire to see vice punished and virtue rewarded. Perhaps, he felt that even the skull-cracking jabs of his satire had been too indirect to point out his meaning. In any event, he did not dare to spare the rod, and thus give his play a crueller irony. His Venetian magistrates have no virtue to reward, but they have plenty of vice to punish.



Frontispiece to Ben Jonson's "Volpone," adapted by Stefan Zweig (Viking).

The title page of the charming book the Viking Press has made of Stefan Zweig's "Volpone" carries the subtitle, "A Loveless Comedy," which, as a dramatic form, is even more unique in our theatre than a "heartless comedy." Stefan Zweig has wisely admitted only one real love into the six scenes of his play, and that is an unquenchable, all-devouring lust for gold. By whittling away Jonson's subplots ("the busie plot" as they were once known) he shows up this overwhelming passion with an emphasis as skilful as it is relentless. His people, like Jonson's, are, with the exception of Colomba, as sordid and bawdy as any who have stalked onto a New York stage in recent years. They are monomaniacs, who have no redeeming virtues and are cursed with no subtleties. They are types, pure and simple, stamped and unmistakable. Though Herr Zweig, in cutting the original, has had to foreswear, "Come, my Celia, let us prove," and the Commedia dell'Arte scenes, the play gains more than it loses in this modern restatement. The Dwarf, the Eunuch, the Hermaphrodite, and Sir Politck Would-be and his none-too scrupulous wife, are on Herr Zweig's list, and they certainly are not missed. In particular, the courtroom scene, where justice is made the butt of rogues, rises to superb ironic heights. If Herr Zweig's last act outdistances Jonson's, as it most certainly does, the reason is that, in addition to the simpler action, no one except Volpone is punished. Even his punishment comes to him through no proper channel of justice, but at the hands of that arch-knave, Mosca. When Volpone, as a joke, signs his will and deeds his wealth to Mosca, even Mosca succumbs to the temptations of gold and refuses to take this gesture as a joke. Keeping the will for himself, he turns Volpone out of his own house, and ends the play by hurling Volpone's miserly gold pieces into the streets of Venice. In this fight between cupidity and rascality, it is cupidity that is punished but rascality that triumphs.

The production that the Theatre Guild gives "Volpone" catches much of the earthy gusto of Stefan Zweig's text, and will catch even more when it has run a little longer. As a performance, it takes its cue from Herr Zweig's note in the printed version of the play. "Volpone," it reads, "is to be played as a Commedia dell'Arte, lightly, quickly, rather than realistic, allegro con Brio." And it is in this manner that it is played by the actors at the Guild. They romp their way through each of its maliciously merry scenes, giving, in most cases, the full zest to their acting that the text contains and making no attempts to merit a sympathy they do not deserve. Particularly, in the case of Philip Leigh as Voltore, and Henry Travers as Corbaccio, the cruel symbolism of the birds is caught and pointed to excellent advantages. In the settings and costumes of Lee Simonson, too, the true focus of the satire is established by lines and colors that are as witty as they are contributive. In short, from the crow, the vulture, and the dove of Stefan Zweig's comedy, the Theatre Guild has plucked a new kind of feather for its cap, and forced Ben Jonson's fox out of the library and onto the stage where he belongs.

A Novel of the Great Khan

PRELUDE TO BATTLE. By MANFRED GOTTFRIED. New York: The John Day Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

OF what went on in the life of the Mogul Khan whose name was Temugin, or Temuchin, in the years before he suddenly emerged into history at the age of forty-four or thereabouts, little enough that may be recognized as fact is to be found in the libraries. Harold Lamb, in his excellent biography of the Emperor of All Men, or to give him his common appellation, Genghis Khan, relates a few of the interesting legends that have come to cluster about a great warrior-statesman.

One of these is pertinent to the present discussion. It is that the favorite wife of Temugin was once captured by an enemy khan and held a prisoner for some time before she could be rescued. And that after her lord and master had brought her safe home again, she bore a child of doubtful parentage, who, because the love Temugin had for the boy's mother, was accepted as equal in every respect to the sons of their father.

This would indicate that the Great Khan had a warm human side that has not been exactly emphasized in European accounts of his activities in the Middle Ages, when he and his magnificent lieutenant, Subitai, spread terror across Europe, and made mock of the very flower of chivalry sent to check the onrush of Tartar horsemen.

Mr. Gottfried has taken a few more of the Temugin legends as the basis for his first novel, "Prelude to Battle," which is the full-bodied, if fictional, account of the life of Genghis Khan before his horse-tail pennons began to flutter in the breezes of the plains of Tartary.

* * *

It is, essentially, the story of a man who, in middle age, came suddenly upon the emptiness of pleasures of the senses, including the delights of an endless succession of soft bodies of lovely women, who knew what it was like to be deceived by his best friend, who sought peace in the surrender of his sovereignty, and failed to find it, and who at last decided there was nothing left except to fill his remaining years with the din of battle.

Mr. Gottfried has let his imagination have full rein, and the result is a delightful book, a long novel in which the interest is sustained through endless court intrigues of one sort and another, through bickering and strife among the women of Temugin, and through minor battles—minor at least in comparison with those Temugin fought after he had really determined to take up war in a serious way.

Mr. Gottfried would have us believe that Temugin was husband of a century of wives and father of so many children he had to employ a special census-taker and that, of these women, he was loyal to the first wife, Purta Coujeen, until the leopardess, Guzisur, who was a hussy, came into his life.

Mr. Gottfried might have gone at his story from the pictorial angle and painted a colorful canvas, but he has chosen rather to emphasize its human and humorous elements. There is a constant play of sly humor in the book, and without any apparent strain on the author's part, he succeeds in making his principal characters come strikingly to life. They walk and talk and act as if they had been

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fully realized by their creator before he began to try to fasten them to paper.

This is not to say that the color is lacking from the story. I wish there were space to quote one passage in which is listed the wedding presents Ung Khan gave Temugin when Temugin took Ung's daughter, Obouljeen, to wife. The riches of Fifth Avenue's richest block seem like the brummagem treasures of Woolworth's by comparison. So there is enough description, but the story moves along upon agreeably witty dialogue, which is remarkably sustained in its interest considering that there are 343 pages of smallish type in the volume.

How nearly Mr. Gottfried has succeeded in portraying the character of a world-conqueror in his youth and before his disillusionment, there is, to be sure, no way of telling. But, at any rate, he has written a rich and highly diverting novel.

Thoughts Without Words*

By Clarence Day

THERE are times when a man doesn't care to talk or write to his friends. Times, too, when that curious wish of his to debate with the gods has quite gone. But even at such times ideas form inside him, like clouds in the sky, and drift aimlessly out of him in some shape—for instance in pictures. And if these appear from some region in him that he doesn't know about, a region that he doesn't understand and perhaps doesn't like, they may interest or surprise him sufficiently for him to preserve some—and that is the best explanation I can give for these comments.

* * *

It's not that I look down on words at all: they're very useful indeed—queer industrious little things. But they're slow, and they trickle along single-file like stiff wooden soldiers, each bringing in one brick at a time to build up your palaver. . . .

Why should books be like lectures instead of like theatres or movies? . . .

Some writers may object that they cannot draw. Neither can I. But it isn't works of art that we're speaking of, it's mere picture-writing; and picture-writing was once the most common of habits. All that anyone needs is a legible style.

* * *

All civilizations end and get buried—some dead, some alive. In the past, the sands did it, as in Egypt. They crept up and up. . . . To-day? It is words. We live not among sand-storms, but word-storms.

So instead of books that are deserts of words with only a few picture-oases, let us have some that are all green oases, with only a few sandy words.

* * *

The problem remains as to what sized thoughts are best. Large thoughts have a bad effect on writers, to say nothing of readers. They are confusing, they're solemn, they're heavy, they weigh down our spirits. Hence only the most portable sizes have been used in this book.

A MR. JENKINS——

A Mr. Jenkins owned a brink
On which he used to stand and think
Of heaven above and earth below
And why the world was thus and so.
There is no better place to think
Large thoughts than on a quiet brink;
But Mr. J's became so vast,
So super-cosmic, that, at last,
While grappling with what God had wrought,
He got com-pletely Lost in Thought.

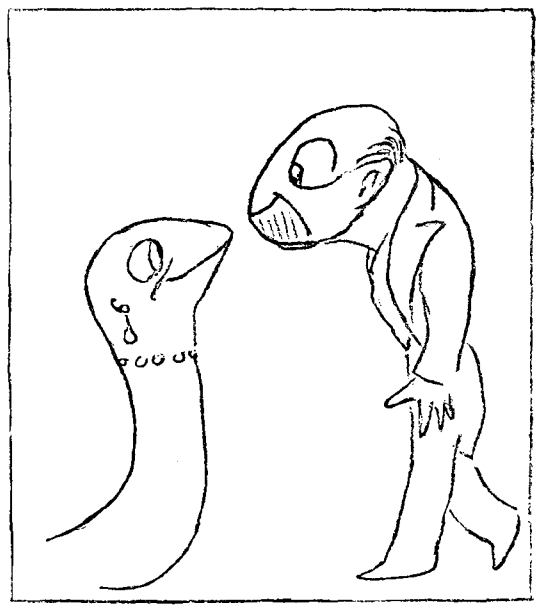
* * *

He disappeared without a sound,
And—what is worse—was never found.

* * *

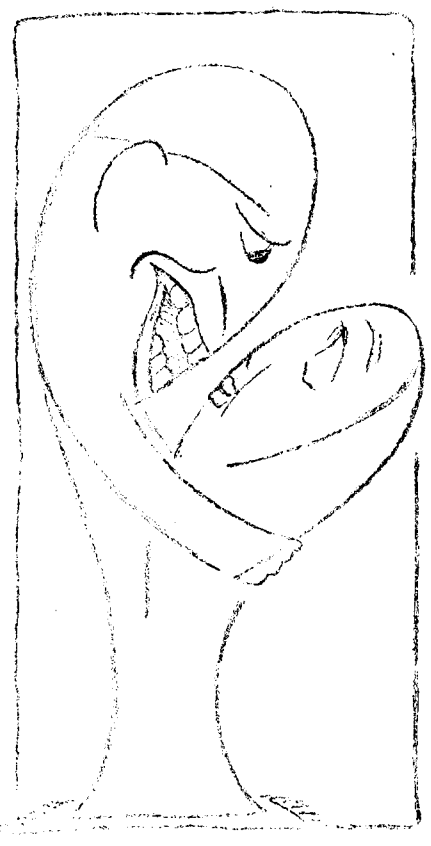
Reader, I do not say that you
Or I would disappear from view
If we should let *our* thoughts expand,
But—let us keep them well in hand.

* These extracts are from the Preface and text of a new book by Clarence Day, to be published on April 27 by Alfred A. Knopf.

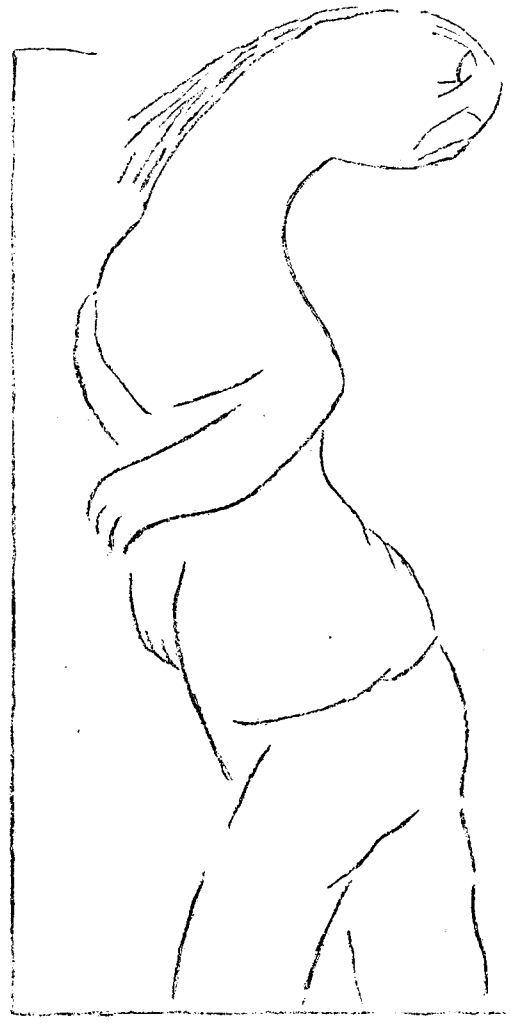


As the serpent and the bird
Are the woman and the man.
Oh, let him flee who has the power,
For she will prey who can.

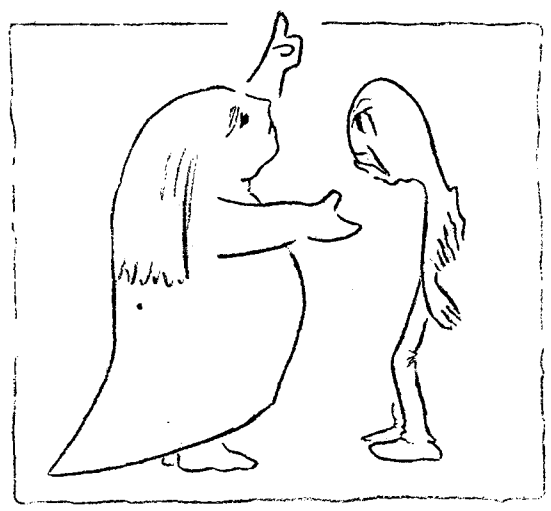
When Murder goes abroad at night
His heart is gay, his step is light.
For he who makes his fellows die
Is as the gods: he spreads the nets
Of fate for mortals—and forgets
His own mortality.



Every maiden's weak and willin'
When she meets the proper villain.



Men, beware how you intrude
On a lady's solitude.
Lately, at an awkward hour,
I invaded Laura's bow'r;
And, to my alarm and awe,
This is what I think I saw.



THE INSPIRING WIFE

She told him of a better Land,
She tried to give his spirit wings.
But he could never understand
Her talk of Higher Things.

A Ghost was watching living men,
But could not understand.
"Have they never heard of dying, then,
In this strange land?"

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The Bowling Green

Sky Line

UNDER what star was granted me
To live immersed where I can see
Her terrible tall majesty?
Who fated it
That I should squander youth and wit
To see her blaze and ride so high
On peacock sky?

Wind of what hazard came to sow
My mortal dust where I could know
Her comedy, both high and low,
Her evenings lit
With pride and lustre infinite;
Servant of all her changing moods
And magnitudes.

Town of all towns earth ever knew,
Sierra man-made on the blue
Miraculous to thought and view,
I only ask
To make your madrigal my task
Where rhyming perpendiculars
Reach toward the stars.

Sorceress beyond compare,
City of glory and despair
So terraced on the Western air,
Your music pour
Over and round me evermore,
Symphony fatal and divine
City of mine.

* * *

Marcella, as everyone knows her in the Book Trade, viz., Mrs. Marcella Burns Hahner, the head of Marshall Field and Company's big book department in Chicago, is in London on her annual spring trip. Much of her time over there she spends in browsing about the second-hand shops in search of unusual "items," and I thought it was characteristic of her amiable shrewdness when she told me that she always keeps an outfit of old clothes in London to wear while book-hunting. Many of the bookshops she explores are, to American thermal wont, rather chilly; and we are all familiar with old books' affinity for dust. So the sagacious Marcella keeps an old suit and "an old raglan coat" (so she described it: who was Lord Raglan, by the way?) on deposit at her London hotel. At the end of her month's excursion she has them cleaned and put away to wait her next visit. If I had been a little quicker in journalistic instinct I should have asked her for a technical description of her book-hunting *complet*.

* * *

Speaking of the spring modes: I have often written with due homage of the great templed lobby of the Telephone Company at Broadway and Fulton Street. The efficiency and good nature of the priestesses who preside at the switchboard-altar is an article of faith among their own particular congregation of customers. Now, *nihil femina a me alienum putans*, I observe with admiration that the Company has given its priestesses special dresses to wear. They sit side by side in their little quadrangle wearing twin costumes in a delightful shade of red. The effect is very demure. Maroon, they called the color: again I was not enterprising enough to gather modiste's data, but I can report that there are small white collars and cuffs of a muslinish (or is it organdy?) nature. The Company has wardrobed them with three of these dresses, in different shades of red, so these ladies told me with pride. The costumes light up charmingly in the subdued luminescence of the hall. If I understand correctly, the telephone ladies at Grand Central have also been tailored in the same way. They are greatly pleased about it, and if any of our students of such matters happen to see how agreeable is the effect, there will be a run on the Telephone Company's dressmaker.

* * *

It struck me as odd that my old friends Beagle and Company, in their lively exhibition of French modernist furniture, did not round out the effect by putting a few more modernist books on their Euclidian shelves. Such books as they put into their neo-sophisticated décor were mostly of an earlier generation: sets of Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and old encyclopædias. There was a gently humorous effect in finding a copy of "A Good Woman" prominently displayed in the set called A Man's Bedroom. But, among furnishings so merrily eccentric, one might have expected books with more Algonquin tinge—let's say Clara Tice's edition of Pierre Louys, or Middleton Murry's "Wrap Me Up In My Aubusson Carpet," or a copy of Wyndham Lewis's review. If you're going to keep up with the mode, why not keep all the way up with it?

* * *

Quite the best book of its kind that I've seen, and highly amusing, is "Brighter French," published lately by Payson & Clarke ($2.00). This, planned by H. T. R., is a lively little phrasebook of French casual chatter, dealing apparently with only the more sophisticated sort of palaver, but containing more solid information than you might suspect. The compiler describes his intention as "trying to make you think like a Frenchman." The book is not intended for those who know no French; or for those who take seriously the French in Three Weeks hallucination; but for anyone who wants to amplify his frequency in that slippery tongue it is a hip-flask of inspiration. Excellent man, he gives (for example) 210 idiomatic uses of the champion verb *faire*.

* * *

We were speaking of carelessnesses often committed by even the most famous writers of detective stories. One thing that has often interested me is how an obvious error will persist through innumerable editions, no one ever taking the trouble to correct it. I believe that the discrepancy in dates in Conan Doyle's story The Red-Headed League has continued through all editions (in this country at least) since the story was published in 1891. Vincent Starrett reprints it unchanged in his recent collection "Fourteen Great Detective Stories."

If I were ever to compile an anthology of detective yarns I should certainly want to include one of Arthur Crabb's stories about Samuel Lyle. "Samuel Lyle, Criminologist," published in 1920 by the Century Company, was an inordinately good book; Lyle, his lawyer hero, is humorous, credible, and completely *conveyed*. I re-read the book once every two years or so, always with pleasure. Isn't it time Mr. Crabb (which is a pseudonym) gave us another? Besides Mr. Crabb is a Philadelphian, and the literary average of that city sadly needs a little stimulation.

* * *

You were asking why *Variety* is my favorite magazine. Well, hardly a week goes by that you won't find in *Variety* some shrewd saline anecdote—such as the story (told by Harold MacGrath) of the absent-minded drummer "who gave the legit star a roll and cymbal crash when the latter took a dramatic fall during a tragedy." It appears that this celestial episode happened to Henry Irving playing "The Bells" in Syracuse in 1890. According to *Variety* the drummer is still playing the traps at the Strand picture house in that city. It would be pleasant to hear from him what was Irving's comment.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Thomas Hardy Memorial

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

A HARDY Memorial Committee has recently been organized in England with the following members: Sir James Barrie, Sir Edmund Gosse, John Galsworthy, Walter de la Mare, Lord Gorell, E. M. Walker (Provost Queen's College, Oxford), A. Pope, G. Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Granville Barker, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, Cecil Hanbury, C. H. St. John Hornby, and the Mayor of Dorchester. The signatories have issued the following statement:

"There appears to be a general desire, not only in Wessex, but also universally, that some permanent memorial should be erected in honour of the late Mr. Thomas Hardy. The form which this memorial is to take has now been definitely decided, with the entire approval of his representatives. It is to consist of the three following: (1) The preservation of his birthplace at Bockhampton. (2) An obelisk to be erected on a suitable site in the neighborhood. (3) The founding in Dorchester of a Hardy Memorial, housing a collection of his works and relics. It is felt that, as Thomas Hardy's reputation as a poet and novelist is world-wide, and that as he has hosts of admirers in America, and, in fact, nearly every country, an opportunity will thus be afforded to everyone to participate in creating a permanent shrine to his memory in the very centre of the Wessex that he loved so well and immortalized in his writings."

It is hoped that a considerable sum can be raised in this country as America's contribution to the Memorial. The campaign for raising funds will be conducted by the publishers of Mr. Hardy's novels in America, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and by *The Saturday Review of Literature*. All contributions should be sent to The Hardy Memorial Fund, c/o Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City. Statements as to the progress of the Fund will be printed in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and correspondence in regard to it will be welcome.

THERE should be an immediate and general response to the appeal to America to aid in erecting in England a permanent memorial in honor of Thomas Hardy. Why?

Hardy attained eminence in four branches of art. He was a successful and distinguished ecclesiastical architect; he became the foremost living novelist in the world; he made what looks like a permanent contribution to dramatic literature; he won an undisputed place in the front rank of the English poets of the twentieth century.

Hardy's career as a novelist lasted twenty-five years, from 1871 to 1896, from "Desperate Remedies" to the completion of the revised version of "The Well-Beloved." He was the last of the Victorians, and as the last of his fifteen novels appeared more than thirty years ago, we can view and estimate his work with the same detached aloofness that we examine and weigh the production of George Eliot. Although in his later years he himself professed to care comparatively little for these prose fictions, the world has never allowed the same man to be both author and critic. We are only faintly interested if we are told that Milton thought "Paradise Regained" his masterpiece; that Tolstoy was ashamed of having written "Anna Karenina"; that Wordsworth was proud of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Barrett Wendell remarked shrewdly, that Shakespeare, with a perversity characteristic of authors, probably thought "Coriolanus" his greatest play.

* * *

The fact is that "The Return of the Native," "Tess," "The Woodlanders," "Far from the Madding Crowd," have given their creator a place with Richardson, Jane Austen, and Dickens; and after the death of Tolstoy in 1910, there was not a living novelist in the world equal in rank to Hardy.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago appeared the first volume of "The Dynasts," and although there is a legitimate difference of opinion about its place in the world's literature, it certainly bears the stamp of original genius, and its position now is so much higher than it was twenty years ago, that it seems destined never to be forgotten. There are some contemporary works of art that one feels are built successfully to withstand both the nibbling tooth of criticism and the sharper tooth of Time.

Hardy's career as a poet, going only by dates of publication, extended over thirty years. But it should be remembered that poetry was both his first and his last love. He wrote novels from professional necessity, and poety from an inward necessity. As Mrs. Hardy expresses it, the novels "were dictated by accidents and circumstances not under his own control," while the poems "were the result of uncontrolled personality."

He published, in addition to "The Dynasts" and "The Queen of Cornwall," seven volumes of lyrics; and I fervently hope that there are a sufficient number of manuscripts to make up a final book. It is not often that a successful artist at the age of fifty-eight challenges criticism with work in a new vein.

* * *

There are authors who have outlived their reputation; but the older Hardy grew, the greater and wider spread his fame, so that in the last ten years he reached something like an apotheosis. Fortunately he never dwindled into a "Sage," which so often means a bore. Polonius was not a wise man, he was a sage; as Coleridge happily expressed it, "Polonius was the personification of the memory of wisdom no longer possessed." Hardy's mind, both in creative composition and in private conversation, was as vigorous and as alert as ever. Visitors talked with him as they talk with Arnold Bennett. The public awaited his next book as they look for one from Rudyard Kipling.

A figure of such solitary supremacy in his own country and of such eminence in the world is bound to have a visible memorial. It should be our privilege to contribute. It is proposed to preserve his birthplace, to erect in Wessex an obelisk, and to house in Dorchester a collection of his works and memorabilia. Let us now praise this famous man.

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Books of Special Interest

The Bartrams

THE TRAVELS OF WILLIAM BARTRAM. New York: Macy-Masius. 1928. $2.50.

JOHN BARTRAM established his collection of trees, shrubs, and plants (later called "Bartram's Garden") at Kingsessing, on the Schuylkill near Philadelphia in 1728. It is now a part of the public park system of Philadelphia, though it is not kept up as an aboratum. The bicentenary of the founding of the first botanic garden in North America (and for all I know in the Western Hemisphere, for I find no records of an earlier one in the Spanish colonies) could not have been better celebrated than by reprinting in the American Bookshelf series these travels of William Bartram, in North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida. The book has long been out of print and was difficult to obtain even in public libraries. It is now available in a pleasing format, unabridged, and with an excellent index which was lacking in the original edition.

The Bartrams, father and son, were so closely associated in their travels and in their botanic studies that a brief biographic note may be of interest to readers unfamiliar with the old brown leather quarto beloved of Dorothy and William, Coleridge and Carlyle, Emerson and Thoreau, and a host of others. John Bartram was born in Darby, Pennsylvania, in 1699, the son of English Quakers who had come to America in 1682. He early developed an interest in natural history and botany and the explorer's passion for the discovery of new plants in a New World. Self-educated and self-disciplined, he was brevetted by the great Linnæus as "the greatest natural botanist in the world." Through a Philadelphia Quaker, Joseph Breintnall, he became the correspondent of an enthusiastic botanist and plant collector in London, Peter Collinson; and through Collinson, Bartram came to correspond with some of the most eminent men of science in Europe. Encouraged by Collinson, Fothergill, and other members of the Royal Society, who supplied him with money and apparatus, the elder Bartram made annual excursions, in the late summer when seeds were ripe, to collect plants and specimens which were shipped to Collinson and distributed by him to scientists, public botanical gardens, and private collectors.

The correspondence which passed between the European savants, aflame with eighteenth century "curiosity," and the New World Quaker, bred to a pioneer life, and amusingly detached from Old World conventions, was published by William Darlington in 1849 ("Memorials of John Bartram and Humphry Marshall") and is, for the present reviewer, the most interesting collection of eighteenth century letters extant.

Bartram kept journals of his botanical expeditions which were duly sent to his London friends. Two of these have been published; the "Journey to Lake Ontario" in 1743 (published in 1751), and the "Journey from St. Augustine up the St. Johns," in 1764-5 and published in 1765. This latter was his most extensive expedition, undertaken after he had been appointed by George III "Botanist to the King," and it resulted in a harvest of hitherto unknown plants, which were distributed among the great botanists, Dillenius, Gronovius, and Linnæus for identification and classification. His son William (the "Billy Bartram" of the letters) accompanied him on this occasion and was so fascinated by the beauties of tropical Florida that he remained on a plantation on the St. Johns river and was found a year later by Col. Henry Laurens struggling for a livelihood on "poor land, with few necessities and bad negro slaves."

William Bartram was born in 1739 and died in 1823. Concern for his career is recorded in many of his father's letters to Collinson, Franklin, and Dr. Fothergill, but unfortunately, William cared only for two things, drawing and botany and after unsuccessful attempts to apprentice him, a patron saint appeared in the person of Dr. Fothergill of London. This benevolent scientist gave him a sufficient allowance to enable him to devote his time to botanical exploration and the collection of specimens, and to exquisite drawings of plants, birds, and shells. The Travels recorded in the present reprint were undertaken between the years 1772-78 at the instigation of Dr. Fothergill, who supplied the funds and published the volume in 1791. The friendship of the old scientist in London and the young romantic traveller in the West, friends who never met and yet for whom neither war nor distance were insuperable barriers, is a delightful evidence of intellectual fellowship. The book should appeal to three classes of readers. The first are students of historical botany. The Bartrams are the outstanding representatives in the eighteenth century of the great English line of botanical explorers. They rank with the Tradescants, founders of the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, in the seventeenth century, with Robert Fortune in the nineteenth century, and with Dr. E. B. Wilson, now of the Arnold Aboretum in the twentieth. When the history of plant discovery is written, these names will rank with those of Columbus, Drake, and Magellan in the humble annals of the vegetable world. Secondly, students of American ethnology will find the description of the "Cherokees, Chactaws, Muscolges, Seminoles, Chicasaws, and Creeks," by one who lived for months at a time in their villages, of absorbing interest.

And finally, lovers of literature will find in Bartram's Travels not only a chief "source" of many of the masterpieces of English Romantic movement, but itself an early item in the literature of that movement. Readers of Professor Lowes "Road to Xamadu" are aware of the immense influence of Bartram's book on Coleridge and Wordsworth. It is unfortunate that the pagination of this reprint is not identical with the original edition. This makes difficult the fascinating business of tracing in Bartram the sources cited by Professor Lowes of phrase, imagery, and epithet in the "Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," "Lewti," "Ruth," and a half dozen others. But besides the direct influence on the great masters of English poetry, Bartram's narrative of his adventures in sub-tropical America contributed to English thought and imagination that fuel for eighteenth century revolutionary philosophy which Professor Chinard of Johns Hopkins calls "L'Exotisme Americain." In innumerable pen-pictures of life among the Indians, he paints the "Noble Savage," "contented and undisturbed, they (the Seminoles) appear as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous. The visage, action, and deportment of the Seminoles form the most striking picture of happiness in this life; joy, contentment, love, and friendship, without guile or affectation, seems inherent in them." His descriptions of their village government as one of equality combined with due reverence for the experience of the older and wiser, is a bit of idyllic philosophizing on the "State of Nature." And he queries, "Can it be denied that the moral principle which directs the Savages to virtuous and praiseworthy action, is natural and innate?" In other words, here are evidences of "Original Virtue" in the "Perfectable Man."

With the exception of Professor Chauncey Tinker's four charming essays in "Nature's Simple Plan," and the late Sir Walter Raleigh's "English Voyages in the Sixteenth Century" no serious enquiries into the effect on English literature of traveller's tales from the New World have been made comparable to Professor Chinard's studies of the influence of the reports of Spanish and French explorers and missionaries in the Americas on French thought in the eighteenth century. In Bartram's "Travels" we have the raw stuff for such a study. His rhapsodies on the Earthly Paradise, the State of Nature, the Noble Savage are interspersed with such acute scientific observation, and with such a wealth of botanical lore, that the marvel is not that so many Englishmen emigrated (or like the young Pantisocrats *planned* to emigrate) to the New World, but that any remained in the Old.

Styrian peasant life and the Styrian country are vividly depicted in a novel by a young Styrian writer in her romance, "Das Grimmingtor," by Paula Grogger (Breslau: Ostdeutscher Verlag). The story plays partly in the time of Andreas Hofer and weaves into its background legends and folklore.

Forms of Society

SEX AND REPRESSION IN SAVAGE SOCIETY. By Bronislaw Malinowski. New York: International Library of Psychology. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. K. Ogden

TO many who have found the data provided by Freud and his followers more attractive than the fundamental principles with which they are associated, Dr. Malinowski's work, "Sex and Repression in Savage Society," is like a load of cement poured into the fragile psycho-analytic framework. Certainly it makes a solid unromantic block, but at least this part of the edifice is now secure. We now have facts in the light of which to scrutinize Freud's theory, as empirical as those which he himself observed when evolving his method.

The first section is a comparison between two different forms of society, and it is from his own field-work among the Trobriand Islanders that Malinowski illustrates matrilineal society, as opposed to the patrilineal of our own modern civilization. He traces in detail the growth of a child in each, from infancy to maturity, showing the different influences to which it is subjected and the different organization of the sentiments formed. In the matrilineal society, the maternal uncle has all the authority, and consequently the father is regarded with none of that resentment which is the result of the double rôle he plays in our own society. Conversely, in the sister-taboo, we have a factor which makes her the object of repressed desire, in place of the mother.

All this compels us to realize that the Œdipus complex, far from being universal, is simply a particular form, peculiar to our own type of social structure, of what Malinowski calls "the nuclear family sentiment." This position is reinforced in section two from accounts of myths and legends of the Trobriand Islanders; it is the maternal uncle against whom the young hero revolts, and it is the sister who is incestuously desired. These myths and legends speak as plainly of the repressed desires of this community as do our own.

Section three is a critical discussion of the points raised in the foregoing comparison. A singular straightforward simplicity characterizes Malinowski's explanations and his treatment of the conventional psycho-analytic outlook. Dr. Ernest Jones, for instance, holding that the Œdipus complex is universal, and finding no trace of it in the matrilineal society, suggests that it is merely screened by another complex, and that the sister is a substitute for the mother, the uncle for the father. Even less convincing is his explanation that the ignorance of paternity among the natives is a repression, "a tendency to divorce relationship and social kinship." Against this, Malinowski holds that the nuclear family complex is a functional formation dependent on the structure and culture of the society.

In the last section, "Instinct and Culture," stress is laid on the difference between biologically defined reaction and cultural adjustment. Each important stage in the life of animals and men is compared, and Malinowski develops the theory of the plasticity of instincts under culture, and the transformation of instinctive responses into cultural adjustments. He maintains that "The neglect to study what happens to human instincts under culture is responsible for the fantastic hypothesis advanced to account for the Œdipus complex."

In marriage, for instance, the "cultural apparatus works very much in the same direction as natural instincts, and attains the same ends through a mechanism entirely different." Again, in parental love we see "How the dictates of culture are necessary in order to stimulate and organize emotional attitudes in man and how innate endowment is indispensable to culture; social forces alone could not impose so many duties on the male, nor without strong biological endowment could he carry them out with such spontaneous emotional responses."

The book is by no means one for the anthropological specialist alone. It has wide general interest, and anyone who has watched the meteoric rise of psycho-analysis will welcome this verification of what must at times have seemed in jeopardy from its over-ingenious first causes.

Freud, as a pioneer, rightly concentrated on the facts before him, which were to revolutionize our conceptions of mind; Malinowski in his turn brings facts to light which place psycho-analytic theory on a level with its observations.

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Books of Special Interest

History of the Jews

A HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By MAX L. MARGOLIS and ALEXANDER MARX. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. 1927.

THE HISTORY OF HEBREW CIVILIZATION. By ALFRED BERTHOLET. Translated by A. K. Dallas. New York. Brentanos. 1928. $4.50.

Reviewed by JULIUS A. BEWER
Union Theological Seminary

WHAT a strange people the Jews are: ancient and yet ever young; keen in business and finance; loving scholarship; excelling in literature and art; gifted intellectually, morally, and spiritually; endowed with a high sense of their calling; full of profound religious insight, giving to the world its greatest prophets and seers—yet unloved and hated, despised and feared, slandered, maligned, and persecuted; suffering, sorrowing, yet ever going on, achieving in spite of opposition, hate, and persecution! A great race with a history that is all its own and yet interrelated at almost every point with other nations so that it cannot be understood without constant reference to them. Its scene is not in one country only, but in many.

The distinguished authors of this remarkable "History of the Jewish People," Professor Margolis of Dropsie College, Philadelphia, and Professor Marx of the Jewish Theological Seminary, New York, have therefore grouped their narrative around the shifting centers which played a part in the outer and inner life of the Jews: 1. Palestine, 2. the East, 3. Western Europe, 4. the new centers, 5. the age of emancipation. The story which extends from 2000 B. C. to 1925 A. D. is told very compactly in brief chapters in a sober, matter of fact way, which is all the more effective because it allows the facts to speak for themselves. The treatment is strictly historical. There is no propaganda, many great names of our own time for instance are not even mentioned. And yet when a Christian reads this dispassionate story with sympathetic understanding his heart must be sometimes full of shame and sorrow.

From the point of view of historical criticisms the work is conservative. The authors give large credence to legends which many even conservatively inclined historians can no longer accept. But that does not detract from its value. It is better for such a book than a presentation of hypotheses would be.

The use of this History is much facilitated by the good outlines of the brief chapters in the table of contents and the very full index. Its value is greatly enhanced by the large bibliography and especially by the careful chronological tables with their references to contemporaneous events in other countries, and by thirteen maps. It will doubtless prove a most valuable handbook for Jews and Christians alike.

There is no more interesting book on the life of the Hebrew people in Old Testament times than the brilliant "Kulturgeschichte Israels" by Professor Bertholet of the University of Göttingen, one of Germany's ablest Old Testament scholars and authorities in the history of religions. His mastery of the subject is matched by the grace of his style. His learning is wide, deep, and accurate but his conclusions are presented with the ease and clearness of the accomplished teacher and the charm of the literary master. In the first part he tells of the beginnings of a settled civilization in Palestine. After discussing the land and its possibilities for civilization he deals with the history of the civilization from the prehistoric period up to the time of the invasion of Israel, and then with Israel's civilization at that time, and the transition from the nomadic stage to the settled life of agriculture. The second part is taken up with Israel's civilization in Palestine, family and domestic life, trades and callings, social, political, and intellectual life, including in the last jurisprudence, science, art, music, literature, and religion.

The book whose superb quality was at once recognized, after its publication in Germany in 1920, has now been translated into English by Rev. A. K. Dallas of Edinburgh. He rightly says of it, "no modern book of similar size provides such a luminous background of the Old Testament." His own work as a translator is on the whole quite competent; it is not close, but as a rule it gives the meaning correctly. Only, he is not always quite exact as, *e.g.*, when he translates "*Wettläufe mit Pferden*," (*cf.* Jer. 12:5) by "horse races"; nor is he always careful to give Bertholet's qualifying "perhaps," "as it seems," "at least"; and he omits sometimes interesting and important points: small ones as, *e.g.*, that certain Bedouins among whom Burkhardt still found the custom of the flight of the bride into the mountains before the marriage, lived "on the peninsula of Sinai"; or larger ones as, *e.g.*, the explanation (in a footnote) of Canticles 7:1 by a full description of the sword dance of the bride which is still customary in Syria; or references to special German literature which a scholar might wish to get. All these examples are taken from a single page. In spite of this the book gives, for ordinary purposes, a good rendering of the original.

A New Plan

THE CITY MANAGER. By LEONARD D. WHITE. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

DURING the past twenty years America has made her first really constructive contribution to municipal government. The City Manager, or, as it is sometimes called, Commission Manager form of government, was inaugurated in 1908 in Staunton, Virginia. The spread of the movement at first was slow and confined to small cities. With its adoption by Dayton in 1914 the growth became more rapid and the larger cities began to see the merits of the plan which separated the policy determining from the policy executing officials, and sought to select the latter, known as city managers, on a basis of merit and through councilmanic rather than popular election.

Today there are 364 cities operating under this plan, 287 by virtue of charter provisions and 77 by virtue of ordinances. A remarkably uniform legal description runs through most of the charters. By the terms of the average law the office of manager is established as the chief executive, with power to execute the program approved by the city council; appoint department heads; supervise and discipline employees, prepare the budget and make recommendations to the council. In all his work, as Professor White points out, the manager is completely responsible to the council, which retains power to dismiss him at will, but which is forbidden, occasionally specifically, but more generally by implication, to interfere in the actual administration of the city. Thus it was expected to separate politics and administration. The council remains as the ultimate authority in the city government, with the exclusive power to decide the policy of the city, to provide funds for its execution and to control the chief executive. The mayor is shorn of his administrative duties and becomes the ceremonial head of the city, but actively associated with the city council in the civic leadership of the community.

In his volume Professor White seeks to evaluate the success of the plan from the point of view of administration, the political phases having already been thoroughly discussed in publications like the *National Municipal Review* and *The American City* and in sundry books, reports, and pamphlets. However, there has been no careful, scientific study of the actual administrative results and this Dr. White has undertaken to do in this book which represents an intensive, first-hand study of representative cities and typical managers, and is largely based upon a consideration of the personalities, backgrounds, methods, and achievements of the managers, past and present. He starts with Cleveland, the largest and the least orthodox. The Cincinnati, Kansas City, Pasadena, and Dayton managers also receive a chapter each, and others are treated more briefly. After these chapters, the author discusses the relation of the manager to the charter, to the council, and to municipal administration generally, and deals with city managership as a profession.

In commenting on his trip, which involved travelling over 10,000 miles and visiting thirty-two cities and sundry meetings of the City Manager Association and a study of the reports of practically all the city manager cities, he declared that he had built up in his own mind a deep admiration for the high grade work that is being done by the city managers of this country. The failure of the manager plan in some cities is no reflection upon the plan, and generally not upon the manager. It is primarily a demonstration of the power of the local political machines fighting desperately—and for the time successfully—to retain a system from which they derive their very existence.

Looking at the hazards of the city manager's position, however, he wonders whether the manager type will survive or be gradually transformed into something resembling the existing strong mayor type. He does not attempt to give an answer to the question whether the plan should be adopted by American cities. His study is not intended to raise so large and so controversial an issue, but devoted to the more limited and feasible task of describing and analyzing the office of city manager and of relating how the incumbents of the office behave in the different circumstances in which they find themselves.

One of the most interesting and suggestive chapters, perhaps the most valuable of all, is the one dealing with a summary of his investigations (although the pagination of it is so hectic as to make the reading of it difficult). Although professing himself a friend of the movement, Dr. White points out dangerous elements which he thinks should be guarded against. He believes that the character of many city councils does not measure up to reasonable standards. Indeed, he might have said that very few do. The trouble usually comes after the first or second council has been elected. There is usually organized opposition from professional politicians who wish to regain control of official patronage. High grade men often object to taking such an office under such conditions.

Second hazard is the danger that the city manager may undertake to dictate the politics of the administration. Should he adopt a program for the city there would doubtless be opposition to any policy he might advocate, and this opposition to the program creates opposition to the city manager himself, and thus the system of government may fall into disrepute. Dr. White says there is also a dangerous inclination among cities to prefer local men. "A local manager," he points out, "who is also a community leader, is the counterpart of a strong mayor; and it would not be long before the people would insist on electing the official who takes the lead in advocating policies." Still another hazard is that there may not be enough competent and trained young men to become city managers. An amazing combination of experience and training is needed. Few managers open an opportunity for assistant managers. An understudy is as necessary in government as in business.

Dr. White has made this study at the suggestion of the Executive Committee of the International City Managers' Association and the Department of Political Science of the University of Chicago and under the direct auspices of the Local Community Research Committee. He has given us what is undoubtedly the most thoughtful contribution to the study and consideration of what he properly terms as one of the "significant tendencies of the twentieth century in public affairs."

A Spanish Beach

SANTANDER. By E. ALLISON PEERS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

PROFESSOR PEERS, who teaches in the University of Liverpool what time he is not adding at first hand to his considerable knowledge of the country and people of the Iberian Peninsula, has written here a small book that is dangerously full of the allure of the Cantabrian coast, where ancient and, in some instances, now nearly forgotten seaports, offer a chance for summer visits to Spain without the discomfort of the extreme heat which sizzles the central plateau.

Santander is not far from Paris. It has a beautiful beach. It is near many other interesting towns and cities. It is not yet spoiled by over-popularity. Menendez y Pelayo made his home there, and Calderon and Pereda, too, lived in the province that bears the same name of the city, not to mention Gil Blas, whose home was, of course, in Santillana. . . . Professor Peers tells us that many tourists of to-day try very hard to find it.

This is not to say that the city of Santander itself has been neglected of late years; on the contrary, it is a great gathering place for Spanish intellectuals in the summer, and some day is to have a fine university. The small volume at hand is a remarkable piece of propaganda for its further growth and development. It should serve as a good guide to the province, and it is certainly excellent, if a little disturbing, reading for those whose hopes of getting to Santander right away are somewhat vague.

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Books of Special Interest

Trout

THE EVOLUTION OF TROUT AND TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA. By CHARLES Z. SOUTHARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $10.

Reviewed by HENRY S. CANBY

THIS is a handsome and elaborate book illustrated by colored plates and many cuts, but unlike many handsome books on trout fishing published annually, it is rich in interesting facts, careful advice, and scientific study. Mr. Southard is not content to tell how to fish; he goes very thoroughly into the condition of our streams, the best methods of stocking, and the best kinds of trout. Even more interesting than these statistical studies are his forthright comments on the vulgar errors about trout which have been copied from book to book, and his studies of trout vision and trout feeding habits with reference to their capture. Probably no American book has ever contained so much valuable information on local conditions here. Indeed this book should be reprinted as a small and inexpensive manual. It deserves a wider circulation than its present price and format will permit.

Mr. Southard has a convincing way with him. He seems to be that rare combination, a scientist sportsman, and when he says, in opposition to all the familiar writers, that a trout put back, whether handled with wet hands or dry, will live unless wounded to bleeding, he carries belief with him. Ten thousand troutlings, sneaked into the creel because "they are sure to die anyhow," should live upon that word. Books upon trout fishing are usually suspected of being composed for glamorous reading by a winter fire; or if not that, the highly technical experiences of a hopelessly expert fisher who makes our amateur wadings seem a little ridiculous. But this book is a background for every kind of trout fishing, from dry flies in the most difficult waters to the beginner's puzzlement as to where the trout are hid. It is not, considering its size, a possible vade-mecum; but it should be.

Folk Song

YANKEE DOODLE-DOO. A Collection of Songs of the Early American Stage. Edited by GRENVILLE VERNON. Payson & Clarke. 1928.

AMERICAN MOUNTAIN SONGS. Collected by ETHEL PARK RICHARDSON. Edited and Arranged by SIGMUND SPAETH. New York: Greenberg. 1928.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA WITHINGTON

IN the first of these volumes it is interesting to note the decline of the eighteenth century English tradition in music on the American stage. We are given a few examples of home-grown opera, written and produced in Philadelphia around 1760, wherein are discernible certain similarities to the Beggars Opera type. The tone of the lyrics and the fact that some of the tunes are borrowed from the same great period of English melody, both contribute to the likeness. Following these we find a series of hopeful attempts to write the great American opera. "Tammany or the Indian Chief," by Mrs. Hatton, was one of them. She was a sister of Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, who drifted to New York in the course of an adventurous career. But even she failed to create anything that has come down to us as more than quaint. Most of the contemporary attempts seem quite dull to the modern taste. Unhappily we discover that as the nineteenth century wears on to the Civil War the case becomes no better. In fact, to judge by the examples given in the book, American musical entertainment grows duller and duller up to 1850. That the art of writing operas failed to develop at this time, is ascribed to the searing influence of Puritanism. We are not told why it has failed to come off since.

The charming cover of this book would seem to offer an interesting reward to the average reader, but in reality it is a book to interest the historian and antiquarian. The songs have no accompaniments, which puts them outside of the range of enjoyment by the amateur. It is doubtful, except in the case of borrowed tunes, whether the melodies would offer much to the average musician. If it fails as a book of songs (and such a book doubtless was not the aim of the compiler), it presents to the historian a revealing study of contemporary musical and dramatic culture.

In the second volume we find an authoritative collection of American folk songs gathered from the Southern mountains by a native of that country. She has wisely not tried to duplicate the work of people like Cecil Sharp and has not included the ballads brought over from England that are still sung unchanged. There are a few that she calls "Americanized" which serve as an interesting contrast, in their greater melodic beauty, to the impoverished American tunes that follow. All of these songs have the real source of life which comes through the necessity of expression by singing, and some of them have a moving charm. "Keerless Love," here given in its starkest form, is a poignant expression of agonized surprise and despair. Many of the ballads and nonsense songs will prove irresistible to hearty singers everywhere.

The book is well arranged with an excellent introduction showing how the language of the mountaineer of to-day is closely related to that of the Elizabethan, an adequate index, simple accompaniments to the songs suggesting the melodion and the guitar, and finally intelligent comments on the origins of the songs themselves. So that we have not only a book of songs that will appeal to the average singer, but also a clear reflection of the lives of their creators.

A Good Thriller

THE DAWSON PEDIGREE. By DOROTHY SAYERS. New York. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by EDMUND PEARSON

PROBABLY I am unique in being susceptible to flattery. No one else, on hearing that his words had been quoted in a detective novel, would have hurried, as I did, to see the book. No one else would have been so delighted to discover that what Miss Sayers has done in "The Dawson Pedigree" (in England it is named "Unnatural Death") is to quote De Quincey, or Charles Lamb, or some person unknown, and to give me the credit for the great man's wise words. As a result, I bought the book, read it, hastened to read this author's two earlier novels,—and began to wonder if I had not been too crabbed about modern detective stories. If many of them offer such amusement, such first-rate entertainment as "The Dawson Pedigree." . . .

Consider, first, what Miss Sayers does in this novel. Or, please, first, consider what she has not done. She has not created a detective who is a wearisome bore, to whom you long to have Charlie Chaplin apply the custard-pie treatment. Instead, he is clever, and thoroughly likable.

Next, she has not adhered to the cast-iron plot, which is to start to find the murderer; to point suspicion at A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, in turn; and finally, in the last chapter, to prove that the real criminal is Z,—a person in whom the reader takes no interest whatever. Moreover, in the usual novel, Z is only a technical murderer, since it appears that H, the murdered man, was such an utter scoundrel that to kill him was really a Boy Scout's good deed.

Why can not the novelists learn that the murderer of a villain, is for the purpose of fiction, no murderer at all? The victim must be a *good* person,—else, why all the hullabaloo? De Quincey knew that, a century ago. I have asked a man, learned in the ways of our publishers, why this milk-and-water method is inevitable in detective novels, and he tells me that the *Saturday Evening Post* is to blame. That weekly is dedicated to the proposition that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that to admit that a good man might get murdered would be treason. All novelists long to write for the *Saturday Evening Post*,—and hence all murders in novels are really nothing but the meritorious removal of rascals.

Miss Sayers fairly soon lets you know who is probably the murderer. The excitement lies in the chase and the detection. The victim is, at least, blameless. As the story advances, the victims increase in number, and very much in virtue and attractiveness. Hence the crimes are real crimes; the murderer is a wicked person—not a philanthropist—and the detectives are engaged in useful work.

Her amateur detective, Lord Peter Wimsey, is of the "silly ass" type, but he is engaging and agreeable. He is really humorous; his fads are pleasant ones. And his first assistant, Miss Climpson, is, I think, a new type in this work. No one but Lord Peter would have employed her. It is true that Lord Peter is rather a dangerous character: his activity in the matter of the death of Agatha Dawson caused three murders to blossom, where only one grew before. Nevertheless, I am impatient to read of his next adventure.

The Spell of Greece

THE BLESSING OF PAN. By LORD DUNSANY. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1928.

Reviewed by JOHN GERARD

IT has ever been the custom of the subtle Celt to ruffle the tranquil surface of his thick-witted Sassenach overlord's stolidity.

As the scene of "The Blessing of Pan" is laid in England, the Briton comes in for his share of sly mockery, though the book is written in far too joyous a strain to be in any way bitter or polemical. Its theme, too, is much more inclusive, for it is at once an indictment of our mechanical era and a plea for a return to the ancient, slumbering memories of Nature which lie buried in all of us. One can, that is, read all these and many more meanings into Lord Dunsany's book.

But, for my part, I preferred to surrender myself wholly to the enchantment of the author's delicate humor and luminous prose, to the evocation of the magic of Pan—"Pan, of all the Arcadian valleys, King—," to the immortal spell of Greece, woven anew by a true son of Hellas.

The Rev. Elderick Anwrel has been greatly perturbed by the sounds of music wafted at sunset on summer evenings from a hill in his parish of Wolding. Young girls, by twos and threes, following the call of the mysterious piper, have avoided him guiltily on his walks of exploration.

Now Anwrel is a simple man of simple faith, a good type of English country vicar, whose firm belief in the efficacy of cricket as a means to spirituality is sorely shaken by the irruption of this alien element into the peaceful round of daily duties. For he, too, is troubled by these luring strains.

In deep perplexity he writes to the Bishop of the diocese. That distinguished prelate's response brings no help, for it is a thinly veiled, if gracious, command to him to take a holiday and to write again upon his return. His Grace will himself see to it that someone takes the services in Anwrel's absence. But the piping persists. The poor vicar's holiday has done nothing to remove the implied results of overwork. The music is eventually traced to one Tommy Duffin whose inspiration an old village gossip hints to have been the strange dancing of the Rev. Arthur Davidson, the former incumbent of the living.

Gradually, the entire village falls under the immemorial spell of the reeds. Young men, who have sworn to give Duffin a beating for stealing away their girls, are the first to succumb. The eerie tunes charm them as well as their elders. A wholesale defection from the old ways to ways older and dimmer, ways almost lost in the profoundest deeps of consciousness, follows inevitably.

In desperation, Anwrel casts about for help. He goes first to the clergyman who came to Wolding during his absence, "the Hetley," a brilliant classical scholar. Unfortunately, Hetley cannot help him: his period begins with the Peloponnesian War when the worship of the goat-foot god had quite died down. Besides, his great learning has made him completely deaf to the sounds of any such extravagant nonsense as the pipes of Pan. He heard nothing, but, if he might offer a word of advice: cricket--

Sanity, nothing but sanity!

Thus Anwrel is thrown back on his own resources. He realizes at last that the Bench of Bishops, even the embattled might of the entire Establishment, are utterly powerless to cope with his problem. To ignore it is their only weapon.

By what agencies Anwrel, losing his faith, went over to "the enemy" and gained thereby a profound and lasting happiness in the company of those he loved, in an Arcadian simplicity of life, will not be told here.

Suffice it that the people of Wolding, shunned by and unconscious of the world outside, "seemed to find amongst silent unfoldings and ripenings, that are the great occasions of Nature, enough to replace those more resounding changes that are the triumph of man's ingenuity, and which we have gained and they lost."

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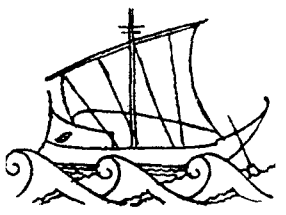

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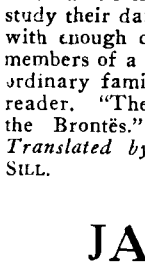

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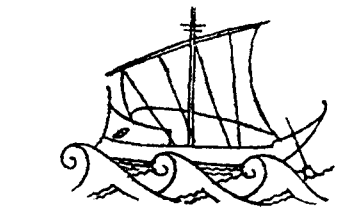

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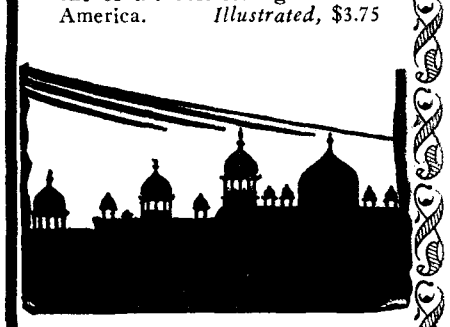

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The Making of a Dictionary

By W. A. CRAIGIE

Former Editor, "Oxford English Dictionary."

IN the Spring of 1884, while I was still a first-year student at the University of St. Andrews, my old schoolmaster, George Clark, showed me the first part of a "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles," which had just been published. It interested me, for even then I had begun the study of the older periods of English, but I little dreamed that the new Dictionary was in later years to play so important a part in my own life. My first direct contact with the preparation of the Dictionary came in 1892, when the Provost of Oriel took me one day to see Dr. Murray at work in his Scriptorium. A visit to this is an experience which is remembered with interest by many a scholar from various countries. One of these has left on record that when he was about to visit England for the first time he was told that there were two things he must see,—the British Museum and the Scriptorium. He saw both, but the modest dimensions of the latter came with rather a shock to him, after the stately spaciousness of the Museum.

When, in 1897, as much by accident as anything else, I became directly associated with the work of the Dictionary, it had already been nearly forty years on the way, for it was towards the end of 1857 that the Philological Society conceived the idea of undertaking such a work. The story of how the idea was developed by successive editors until it became possible to issue the first section in February, 1884, has been told more than once, and need not be repeated here. Forty-five years of continuous labor, at first with one, and finally with four editors, have been required to bring the work to completion, from the date at which the preparation of printer's copy began in real earnest.

The reason why so much time has been required to reach the goal lies in the plan of the work. Ordinary dictionaries of any language, which confine themselves to matters of pronunciation and definition, are usually based on preceding works of the same character, and require more or less time to produce according to the amount of revision they receive and the additions made to the vocabulary. For a dictionary on historical principles much preparation is required before the actual work can be begun. In the present instance, fully twenty years were spent in the mere collecting of materials from English literature and records of all periods, and even this had to be very largely supplemented during the later progress of the work.

The method of collecting this material was in the main as follows. The person who undertook to read a book for the Dictionary sat down provided with a large number of clean slips of paper, usually of uniform size. To save time in writing, the date, the author, and the title were frequently printed on these slips beforehand, so that only the page or reference had to be added. Thus, supposing that the work to be read was Spenser's "Faerie Queen," the reader would copy out five or six times over on separate slips of paper the first two lines of the poem:—

Lo! I the man whose Muse whilom did mask,
As Time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds.

He would assign each of these slips to a separate word, by writing it on the upper left-hand corner, e.g. MUSE on one, WHILOM on another, MASK on a third, and so on down to WEEDS. It is obvious from this, that in order to do a book thoroughly for the dictionary, it would be necessary to write out the whole of it many times over.

Few books, however, would be worth doing in this exhaustive fashion, and readers as a rule did their duty pretty effectively by taking out at the most two or three thousand quotations from a single work. Much material was also collected by the cutting up of printed books and newspapers. Even books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were cut up in this manner. As the separate quotations sent in by the hundreds of readers gradually increased to thousands, to tens and hundreds of thousands, and in the end to millions, they were steadily sorted into alphabetical order by volunteer or paid labor. When the various slips for one word had been thus brought together, valuable aid was given by volunteer sub-editors, who arranged them according to the different senses of the word, and drafted provisional definitions of these senses. In many cases this outside work was done with remarkable thoroughness and efficiency, and did much to further the progress made by the regular staffs. The result was, that as each word came in its turn to be dealt with, the whole of the material collected for it was there, and more or less in good order. The assistant who proceeded to put it into final shape, had to consider the division into senses and the definition of these, making such improvement as his own knowledge and experience might suggest. He had to think whether from obvious and readily accessible sources he could add anything of importance to the material already before him. He studied the quotations, and selected those which best illustrated the various senses of the word, and, in fact, did all he could to put the whole article into a fit state for the printer's hands. When the editor had given the article a final revision, it went to the printer on the original slips sent in by the readers; to copy these would not only have been a waste of time, but would have greatly increased the chance of errors.

This work, it must be understood, was carried on simultaneously by the various staffs, working at different letters of the alphabet, and the members of each staff worked seven and a half hours a day for about eleven months in the year.

Compiled in this way, and based on such a wealth of material, it is no wonder that the Dictionary is a real storehouse of the English tongue. It contains a record of the language from the eighth century to the present day, omitting only those early words which did not survive the eleventh century, and a certain portion of the modern vocabulary which for various reasons could not readily be included. It thus contains words that have long since gone out of use, and many that are creations of yesterday. In this way it answers the needs of inquirers of every kind,—of the scholar who wishes to study some Chaucerian word or phrase, and of the man in the street who wishes to know the origin of current terms. The Dictionary has not attempted to create a standard of English by excluding the colloquial and slang element, but has recorded this with great fulness whenever the words had either a history or a currency which justified their insertion. Any one who cares to turn up a score of such words in the Dictionary will be surprised to find how many of them—whether British or American currency—have a longer history than he ever dreamed of.

Looked at from one point of view, the Dictionary exhibits the English language in a constant state of change and progress, from another, it clearly exhibits the stability of some of its mean elements. Behind all the changes lies a large body of simple fundamental words with which no English speaker or writer has ever been able to dispense, which are as necessary to us today as they were to Cædmon or King Alfred. It is these simple words that have taken up so much of the time required to make the Dictionary. It is no great task for the skilled worker to deal with such words as *century* or *language* or *nation.* Such words may be prepared for the printer in a few hours, but the preparation of the commonest nouns, adjectives, and verbs is a matter of days and even weeks. This will readily be understood from a few figures relating to such words. The verb *Get* occupies twenty-two columns of the Dictionary and is divided into seventy-three senses, many of which have numerous subdivisions. The verb *Give* covers twenty-five columns, and *Go* fills thirty-five, but even these are completely dwarfed by the verb *Set,* which extends to *fifty-five* columns with 154 numbered and much subdivided sections. And these numerous columns of close print represent twice as much material which had to be worked through before the articles could be prepared. Figures like these make it clear that the Dictionary is not to be judged merely by the number of words it contains, although even in that respect it stands preëminent. Making allowances for entries of obsolete and variant forms, it actually includes, and in most cases exhibits the life-history of something like 350,000 words (simple or compound) which at one time or other have played their part in the English language. To deal adequately with these words has not been an easy task even within the large limits of 15,000 pages closely printed in triple columns.

The Dictionary has not only recorded the English language with greater fulness than was ever before attempted, it has also served to light up many points in the history of English literature and to make clear the meaning of many obscure passages in the older writers. Frequently, too, passages which seemed too obvious to require explanation, have proved to bear an unexpected meaning. Readers and commentators of Shakespeare, for example, must have thought that they understood the expression "to relish a love-song like a robin red-breast," but the significance of the phrase appears only when it is proved that a "relish" was a grace or embellishment in music, and that to "relish" meant to sing or warble in some special manner.

By the help of the Dictionary the sources of an author's vocabulary can frequently be detected with certainty. The translation of Rabelais by Sir Thomas Urquhart has often been admired for its racy language, catching the real spirit of the original. But the main basis of Urquhart's success was Cotgrave's French dictionary, which the worthy knight must have used with almost incredible diligence.

Conveying of matter by one author from another is also frequently revealed by the Dictionary material. When Dean Swift in the second voyage of Gulliver presented his readers with a paragraph full of nautical terms he did not take the trouble to learn something about seamanship before he wrote it. He merely turned up *Sturmy's Mariner's Magazine* in 1669, and copied out a series of phrases from two pages of that work. When Sir Walter Scott wanted to place some calculations of clock-making in the mouth of David Ramsay in the "Fortunes of Nigel," he found them ready made in the Encyclopædia Britannica of 1797, and either he misread, or the printer misprinted them.

These are but slight hints of what the Dictionary has been able to reveal through the mass of material at the disposal of its editors. While the task of arranging this material, of adding to it, and selecting from it, has been immense, it ought always to be remembered that the original collecting of it was a magnificent achievement in which hundreds of unselfish men and women took part. Without their labors it would have been impossible, on practical grounds to base the Dictionary on a sufficient mass of material to make it that treasure-house of English which it has now become.

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The Family at War

FAMILY DISORGANIZATION. By ERNEST R. MOWRER. University of Chicago Press. 1927.

THERE have been several valuable original studies of urban life from Professor Burgess's department at Chicago University, and here is another, for its most original chapters deal with the distribution of family disorganization within different Chicago areas. The author's analysis of current statistics of divorce and desertion is both trenchant and interesting. But it is not possible to agree with him that divorce and family desertion, though always separately classified in administrative tabulations, are essentially the same thing. Considered objectively, desertion does lead it is true to family instability, but not necessarily to family disintegration. There are few things more permanent than the separation of divorce and few less so than the separation of desertion. The typical deserter expects to return; his wife believes that he will. This "grown-up truant" has a type of personality that is confined to no one economic group. When he is well-to-do and shirks responsibility, his family does not become a community problem, so no one calls him a deserter, though in essentials he may be one—a seeker after variety, easily discouraged, an adult who has never grown up. If the social characteristics of the divorced and of deserters were pictured by two circles, they would overlap somewhat, but for the most part not.

It is encouraging to find that, in the field of social studies, case-by-case analysis is coming to be regarded by the universities as more fruitful than is statistical analysis. Mowrer realizes this; he forcefully demonstrates the uselessness of vast statistical summaries when they suggest no rational solutions. On the other hand, the examples of case analysis given in this volume are so far from satisfying that one's mind fairly aches for more facts and more verification. If, as this author believes, social science is destined to develop controls over human behavior that will become comparable to the control now achieved by natural science in the material world, it must dig hard in its own ground instead of adopting either the terminology or the method of any other science.

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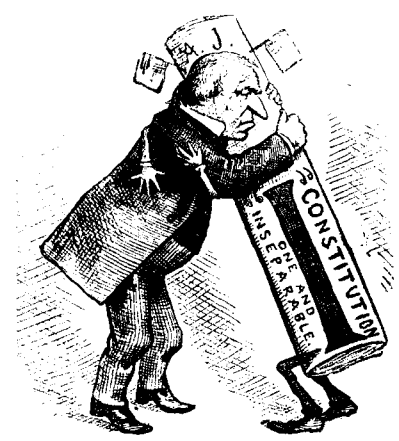

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TEN years ago the essay as a literary form had small following. The publication of a book of essays was sadly like the drowning of a charming but superfluous kitten: after a slight ripple of polite critical approval, the rest was damp silence. Essayists were the most defenseless of literary fauna, gaunt nocturnal bipeds roaming precariously from meal to meal or leaping fretfully from pique to pique, feared by publishers and ignored by the public. "Non-fiction" was a term of scorn, and novelists were the only authors known outside of their own families.

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One day in 1918 Don Marquis, then column conductor on the New York *Sun,* wrote to Dana Burnet: "Dear Burnet, I wish while I am away from the office and you are running *The Sun Dial* that you would say something in it about Christopher Morley's book, 'Shandygaff,' just published by Doubleday, Page & Co. It is altogether the most delightful thing I have got my clutches on for a long time." Since then thousands of readers have come to agree with the creator of Archy and Mehitabel, and *Shandygaff* has gone through edition after edition. But this pleasant book of mellow discourses, dissertations and disquisitions did more than win success for itself; it played a major part in reviving the lost popularity of the essay.

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ESSAYS is beautifully made, a book

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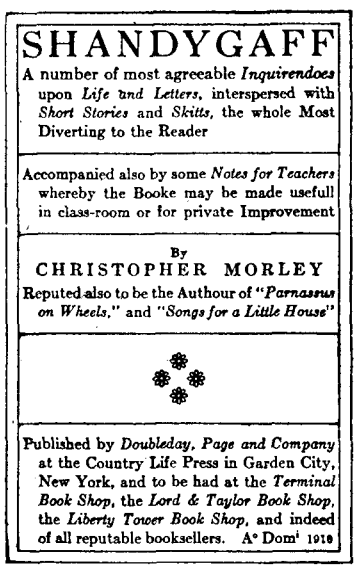
> Still could pass a perfect offhand howdy
> With the elevator man."

These six long poems, with two interludes, have a deceiving air of the casual. They will be long remembered. The author has suggested that *Toulemonde* be called *Meditations in a Speakeasy*—but these poems, among Mr. Morley's best and most philosophical, cannot be contained in so modest a description.

The complete edition of *Toulemonde* is limited to one thousand two hundred and fifty numbered copies for the United States and England. The book was designed by Mr. Stanley Morison, and the type has been distributed. Miss Elizabeth MacKinstry drew the title-page decoration and designed the die stamps for the cover. The published price is $3.00.

We print this description as a matter of record, for the edition of *Toulemonde* was oversubscribed before publication day.



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Notes on the Hinterlanders

By CHARLES J. FINGER

YOU remember reading how Marco Polo astonished his fellow citizens when he told them of things seen in the hinterlands of Asia, paved streets and paper money and condensed milk and asbestos and policed towns; and you recall their disbelief engendered of an opinion that they alone stood on star-crowned heights and deserved the crowning and loud trumpets. It is all very amusing to read, but, take it from me, not only Venice of the 1300's stands guilty of self-conscious superiority born of ignorance, as anyone who takes the trouble to look through current magazines and periodicals may see for himself. Take New York. It has its organs devoted to all kinds of interests and activities, even to mental vagaries and eccentricities, but if it produces a single publication that makes a serious effort to know something of the foreign country called the United States, I do not know where to look for it. On the contrary, efforts seem bent all the other way; bent on craftily mischievous distortion, on sardonically impudent caricature, on establishing an unreal conventional viewpoint. The searchlight is directed at queer things as emblematic and representative of the country at large—at political rhetoricians who relieve themselves of mouth-filling simplicities—at local nobodies who din into their idle ears the catchwords of duty and the uplift—at whining theorists who expound on the fundamental rights of man. Consequently a vision is evolved by which the small-town man stands revealed as a simpleton all ear, for any Sir Rhodomontade, which picture is every bit as false as that evoked by the pastoral with its fiction of a golden age and an impossible world of innocence and perfection.

The perspective is as wrong as that which would grow in the mind of a fellow with a volume of Shakespeare's plays who focussed his attention upon the Gobbos and Dogberrys and Jack Cades, upon the gabblers and unruly fools and slap-stick comedians, with no reference at all to those other characters with rich and noble souls. Were I to record, in my own magazine, the empty remark of some thoughtless janitor in a New York basement, the opinion of an ignorant push-cart peddler, the wild talk of some glare-eyed fanatic from the East side, and the persiflage of a table quartette in a Fifth Avenue tea-room, offering the hotch-potch as being revelatory of Manhattan, my act would be no sillier or more meaningless than much that passes for editorial smartness in some magazines. You have only to turn to writers of more tolerant and sympathetic fibre who have faithfully depicted the various aspects of contemporary life to realize the meanness of the point of view of those who seem to devote their energies to scoffing and deriding. See Sterne, for example, and mark what he does with his Corporal Trim and Widow Wadman. Or read those writers whose reputations are undeservedly less than they should be, Howells and George W. Cable. Or mark what Jane Austen did with her country folk and small-town people. With them, and many others who might be cited, certain sections of society are made instantly and perfectly plain. But posterity, seeking light in literature from many of our magazines, cannot possibly know anything of American social life outside of the cities; certainly could not draw as correct inferences as we may draw from a reading of the Addison-Steele papers dealing with English country life.

And why not set down things as they are? Why not reveal to narrow-visioned city people who have no opportunity to see for themselves, that, scattered over this land, there are people playing the part of decent citizens who actually constitute themselves centers of order in scenes of human aimlessness; people who are rallying points as it were, so that because of their presence something takes place very much like that which goes on in a globe of oversaturated water when crystallization commences and geometric figures begin to form. For something very much like that process of crystallization is going on in a cultural way. Indeed, I hazard the guess that much of the success of the Literary Guild and the Book of the Month Club is due to the fact that their chiefs realized that the book-buying people were not confined to cities.

I ask this by way of emphasizing the point I wish to make. Do you suppose that Carl Sandburg goes about the provinces talking to empty houses? Do you think that John Gould Fletcher and John Cowper Powys and Cecil Roberts, or any of the half hundred critics and good lecturers who are on tour today, confine their activities to a few cities because there exists an intellectual void outside? Do you believe that on the five-thousand-mile tours arranged for their men by lecture bureaus, the lecturers go barnstorming without finding men and women and civility and understanding? On the contrary. Each and every one of the lecturing fraternity will tell you, as they have told me, that, contrary to their expectations, the appreciativeness of the small-town folk is greater than that of the average city audience; the freshness of mind certainly more apparent.

The intellectually apathetic, of course, form the majority in the country as in the city. The important thing to realize is that there are, everywhere, countless groups, perhaps like that group which gathered about Cottle the country bookseller, who printed and published a book called "Lyrical Ballads" for two young men named William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in 1793; and those two young men having been heartened by an audience, went on from strength to strength. That instance leaps to my mind because of a thin book just published in Dallas, Texas, containing the very vivid work of a young man named Stanley Babb, who lives in Galveston; and Galveston has its groups of earnest men and women who know a noble-minded book when they see one. I think, too, of a man in Alamogordo, New Mexico, who wrote one of the best western stories I have ever read—Eugene Manlove Rhodes—and of the son of Thomas Hughes who lives in Kansas, the same Thomas Hughes who founded that Chicago library which Omar Thompson would destroy, if my information is correct.

Other memories crowd on me; one of Claude Mecker in Ohio, about whose person a noble literary organization called the Kit-Kat Club gathers—again of a Kentucky lady who supports a concert hall in Kentucky, and who owns a collection of music manuscripts, and who takes so high-hearted an interest in things musical that she underwrites the engagement of artists of the first water—again of the Little Theater crowd in Dallas—again of Lindborg, Kansas, where the Messiah is performed annually to an audience of many thousands—again of the group in Iowa City headed by John T. Frederick and Edwin Ford Piper, and their journal *The Midland*. I recall men met here and there; one with a world-famous Leigh Hunt collection; one with a Sir Richard Burton collection who lives in Kansas City; one who concerns himself with Sappho; one who lives in Indiana and not only discovered and gave Dreiser his first writing job, but who knows more about Shakespeare than any professor I have ever talked with on the subject; one who is expert in the matter of the Junius letters. The list could be easily lengthened.

Now if such men as these were merely selfish collectors, keeping their treasures under lock and key, their hobbies would mean nothing. But they are not of the miserly habit. They are sociable rather than solitary, and that sociability makes for what I have called crystallization. It has been my good fortune to attend many a social meeting convened by the sort, and I assure you that the discussions were good and wholesome and invigorating. Nor with such folk is there any parading of knowledge. That, indeed, would be as unusual as it would be for a self-respecting cowboy to gallop up to a house, full-split, in the style of the moving pictures. Rather their knowledge may be said to be woven into the structure of their lives, hidden from the superficial observer. Thus, I recall one with whom I consorted for a couple of years, when we were buying and selling railroads. It was not until I had given up transportation activities and met him by chance at a pianoforte recital in Aeolian Hall that I suspected him of the slightest interest in music. And that brings to mind that a few months ago, out of the blue, a young man swept down into Arkansas, predicting wonderful things in the way of symphonies to be performed presently, quite in spite of melancholy relics of extinct forces. I would have wagered anything that he never could gather together five capable musicians who would obey his baton. But he did. Out of the hills, from schools, from stores he collected prospective performers, and a few days ago I heard his aggregation, thirty odd strong, play Beethoven's Fifth, a little rawly but with spirit.

I suppose it is idle to expect those gentlemen of the pen who stand delighted with their own nimbleness of wit to forego their silly habit of exhibiting supercilious contempt for the small-town folk; and quite hopeless to get them to see that the habit of so doing reveals their own boorishness. Still, there's a big field to be exploited for the man with a magazine who does discover that there are people of high intelligence outside of the cities. The pity is that there seems to be no one on the journalistic horizon just now who is big enough for the job.

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Balkan Problems

DER GROSS-BALKAN. By ITALO ZINGARELLI. Leipzig: Amalthea Verlag. 1927.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

THIS book possesses or should possess considerable interest for Americans, if for no other reason than because it constitutes a strong condemnation of the intervention of the late President Wilson in European affairs. To many it may seem strange that, after nearly ten years of peace, Europe is as far as ever from being settled. Why, it is often asked, cannot Europeans put aside their little jealousies and live sensibly in a confederation of states after the manner of the United States or of Switzerland, where three nationalities—French, German, and Italian—can live together in perfect harmony, instead of building up tariff walls against each other? The question, natural at first sight, displays, on closer examination, a profound ignorance of the actual state of affairs in Europe.

Before the war two factors dominated European politics — pan-Germanism and pan-Slavism. The issue of the war put an end to pan-Germanism, but it has served to strengthen pan-Slavism. By giving his consent to the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Wilson, without an adequate knowledge of what the consequences of such a step would be, helped to destroy the great barrier-wall between eastern and western civilization. Even the most superficial student of European history knows that Austria-Hungary held Mohammedanism at bay for two centuries and by so doing deserved the thanks of the whole civilized world. The Turk has ceased to be a terror to Europe; but to-day Europe or rather Western Europe is menaced by a new danger.

It is easy to blink at the danger: easy to argue that Yugo-Slavia, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia are quite content with the autonomy they have won. But to do so is to lose sight of the main factor in the problem, viz., Russia. To-day Russia is indeed out of the running. Bolshevism has no attraction for European Slavs. But no European Slav believes in the permanent Bolshevist Russia. The day is coming when Russia will recover her balance, but she is too large, too unwieldly ever to constitute a single democratic republic. She will split up into a number of states, representing her different nationalities, bound together in a confederacy after the manner of the United States, and in this confederacy Yugo-Slavia, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia will find a place. In other words, what we have to look forward to is a Russia extending from the Pacific to a line running between Danzig and Trieste. Austria, Hungary, and Rumania will cease to exist. For the present the Poles, Czechs, and Southern Slavs are content to wait. But they are determined that never again shall Austria and Hungary recover their balance. Hence their objection both to a Danube confederacy and to a union of Austria with Germany; hence, too, the high tariff wall against Austria and Hungary.

But Signor Zingarelli's book is much more than a criticism of the policy that has led to this fatal result. In an interesting review of the Succession States with copious illustrations, he gives us a clear insight into their internal politics, their statesmen, and the economic problems with which they are confronted. The possibility of a war between Italy and Yugo-Slavia is alluded to; but the situation though still doubtful, is rather better than when Signor Zingarelli wrote his book. As for a union between Austria and Germany, he believes that there is no real desire for it in either country, though it may be to the advantage of Germany to make believe that there is a strong feeling in favor of it in Austria, in the hope of one day profiting by the situation thus created.

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Two of the most rock-shivering zero hours in our publishing experience are rapidly approaching.

Friday, May 25th, will see the publication of two books which have aroused even the most blase editors, proof-readers and shipping-room forces to a delirium of anticipatory fever:

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and, roughly speaking, 4,273,498 other celebrities **

These two books will not be ready till May 25th, and the purpose of this preliminary bally-hoo is to urge readers to stampede the book stores with advance orders.

If readers want to do some stampeding for books that are now available, *The Inner Sanctum* respectfully suggests *The Three Cornered Hat, The Works of Plato, The Works of Schopenhauer, Transition, A Mental Autobiography* by WILL DURANT, or any other volumes published by

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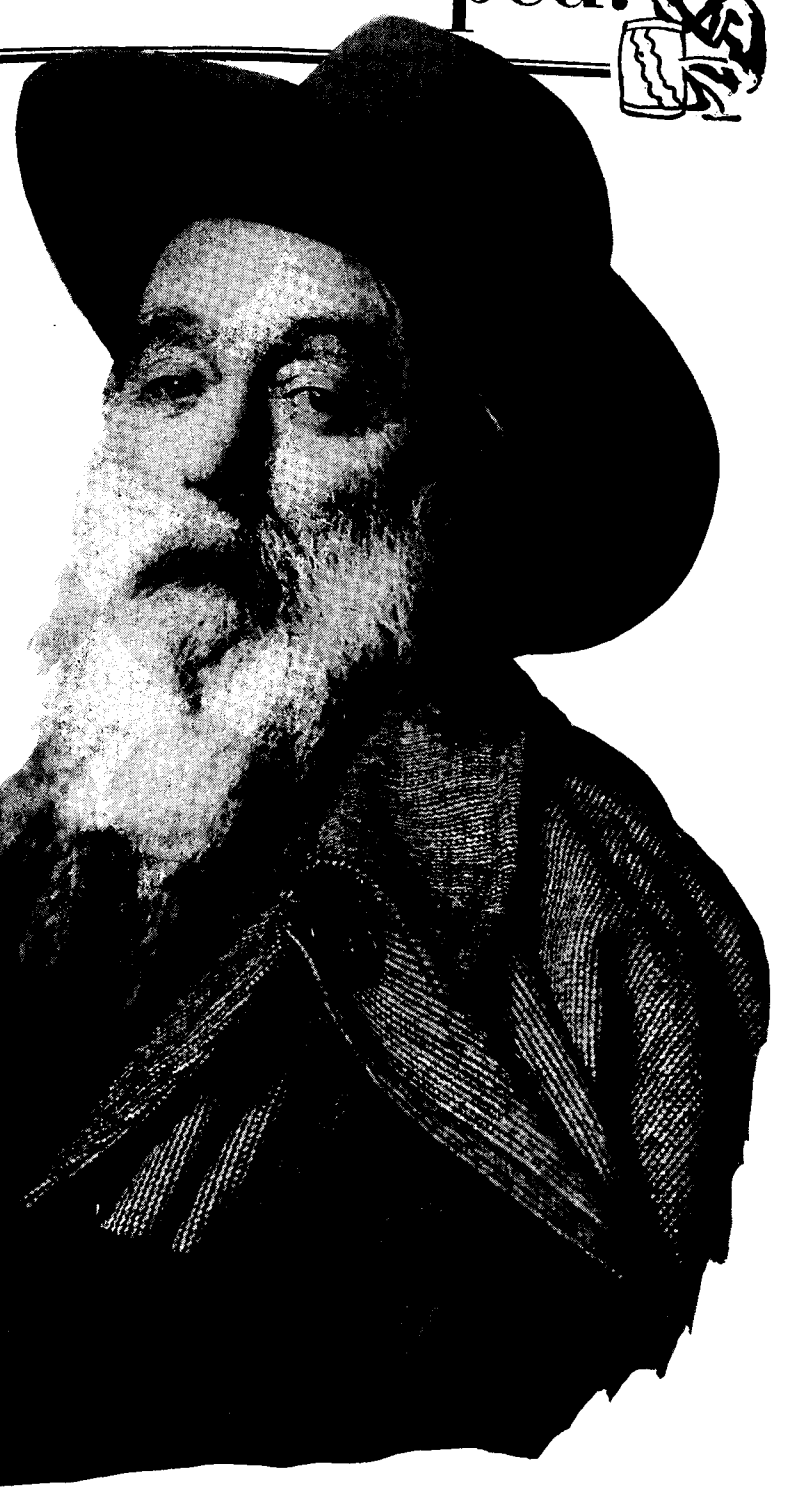

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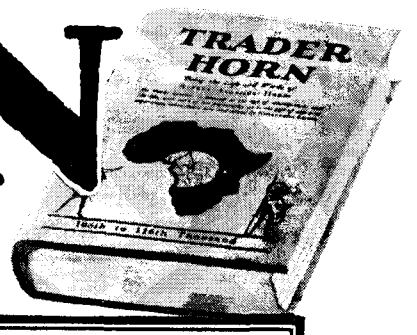

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Points of View

Paul Jones

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In the list of consulted authorities supplied by Mr. Phillips Russell in his book entitled, "Paul Jones, Man of Action," I have found the mention of my own biography of our naval hero. Following immediately after is the name of Colonel A. C. Buell's book, "Paul Jones Founder of the American Navy," to which is added "assailed by Mrs. de Koven for alleged inventions." You will permit me to deal with the implication contained in the word "alleged." Buell's book was published in the year 1900. Mr. Charles Scribner, who had published Buell's book, had authorized me to prepare another book about Paul Jones, embodying certain unpublished letters, which existed in the Congressional Library in Washington. During my preparation for the writing of this book I sought for the authorities quoted by Buell as containing the new material which had not been published in the previous biographies of Jones and which had been used by him in his biography. Aside from the well known histories and the biographies antecedent to his I found these new authorities to be non-discoverable. On a visit to the Washington library I was informed by Mr. Worthington Ford (then head of the manuscript department of the library) that Colonel Buell had never visited the library and had never examined the large collection of Jones's documents there preserved. After months of examination of these documents I came to the conclusion that Buell had fabricated all the so-called new material which did not exist in the previous biographies. In the year 1906 I published, in the columns of The *New York Times* an extensive article in which I exposed Buell's fabrications. This exposé has never been refuted or questioned. Mr. Phillips Russell in his book has however quoted a number of these inventions. It is not possible, in the limits of this communication for me to deal with the great number of fabrications and false documents which Buell published. I will therefore discuss only four.

The first invention concerns the national banner. Buell stated that on account of the two resolutions passed by Congress on the 14th of June, 1777, when the Stars and Stripes were adopted as the national banner and Jones was appointed to the *Ranger*, that Jones declared: "That the flag and I are twins, born in the same hour from the same womb of destiny." To support this glorious declaration, Buell made the further statement that Jones assembled a bevy of Portsmouth girls to fabricate the first Stars and Stripes flag and that this was flown for the first time in history from the mast of the *Ranger* on July 4th, 1777. The facts are as follows: Paul Jones did not receive his first appointment to the navy on June 14th, 1777, but was made first lieutenant on the flagship of our infant fleet on December 7th, 1775. Having been superseded in rank after this appointment he wrote many letters of protest, preserved among his manuscripts in Washington, which antedate his appointment to the *Ranger* in the year 1777. The declaration about his being born to the American service on the same day that the flag was adopted was therefore an invention of the clearest and most easily proved variety.

As to the fabrication of the flag by the Portsmouth maidens this was also an audacious invention. Investigation started by Commander Joseph Foster in Portsmouth in the year 1910 disclosed that none of these maidens had ever existed in the flesh. George Canby, grandnephew of Betsy Ross, who did fabricate the first Stars and Stripes under Washington's direction, had written to Buell asking him for his authorities in regard to his story of the Portsmouth flag. This letter was sent by Canby to Commander Foster who published it in a Portsmouth newspaper. The letter is as follows:

The William Cramp and Sons Ship and Engine Building Company
Office Beach and Ball Streets
Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1901

My Dear Mr. Canby:

I have received your letter of the first instant. I have been intending to call upon you ever since you did me the honor to visit me at my house but have not as yet found time.

The only copy that I have of the article printed in the *Times* concerning the Stafford flag is in my scrap book. But I have the date of the paper and will write to the *Times* office and if possible obtain another copy.

With regard to the papers of Elijah Hall, I have gone over all my original notes, that is all that I have saved of them, and I cannot find anything to indicate exactly where his (these?) could now be found. In fact all that I ever saw of them was in his journal and two letters written by him, all in manuscript. This was fifteen years ago, in 1886. They were then in the possession of a descendant of his, an elderly maiden lady named Sherburne, who, as well as I can remember, resided in Dover, N. H.

As to the making of the flag for the *Ranger*, Hall only referred to it in a single sentence. The detailed story was told to me by Miss Sherburne orally, as a family tradition. My impression is that Miss Sherburne was a granddaughter of Dorothy Hall, Elijah's (niece) who is mentioned in the foot-note.

The fact is that when compiling the matter for my history I never had any idea of being a defendant in the premises or being called to prove anything by proffer of original documents. Indeed, I was not at that time sure that I would ever publish it. As a result I was careless about preserving the documentary evidence.

For this reason about all I can do is to say, those who take sufficient interest in my statements to read them must accept them as authority as far as I am concerned without going behind the returns.

I am well aware that in such a work as that in which you are engaged, documentary proof, even to photograph copies of original papers, is desirable, if not essential. In this particular case I do not see how I can help you in that direction, a situation which, let me assure you, I regret exceedingly.

Very truly yours,
AUGUSTUS C. BUELL.

According to the generally accepted historical record, the Stars and Stripes flag was first flown at Fort Stanwix on August the 6th, 1777.

The second invention of Buell which I will discuss deals with the mysterious Madame T., the unidentified inamorata of Paul Jones, referred to by him in his letters to Thomas Jefferson. Among the manuscripts of Paul Jones in the Congressional Library there are autograph drafts addressed to Madame T. The first of these is dated July 24th of the year 1780. There are two others also to a Madame T. dated September 4th and October 24th, 1787, enclosed in letters to Jefferson of the same dates. There is also another letter to Jefferson in which this Madame T. was referred to, of September 9th, 1788. Several of Jones's biographers have not unnaturally assumed that these letters were addressed to one and the same person. They have also assumed that her name was "Thelison" or "Tellison", but an investigation of the grounds of both these assumptions reveal that they are untenable. The first letter to Madame T., of July, 1780, contains an account of Jones's loss of the ship *Alliance*, and indicates a relationship of distant, but courteous friendship. The first mention of the full name "Tellison" is found in Disraeli's "Life of Paul Jones" published by Murray in the year 1825, as the lady to whom the letter of July 24th, 1780, was addressed.

Paul Jones knew a Madame Thilarie and her sister Madame de Bonneuil, as is proved by his letters to the latter and also by a statement by Madame Vigée Le Brun in her written portrait of Paul Jones, published in her memoirs. The name Thilarie with its nearly identical first syllable to that of Tellison or Thelison, as it also appears, might have been thus written by Disraeli. But Robert Sands who published in 1830 the papers which were brought to America by Jones's niece, Janet Taylor, states on the best authority that "Tellison" was not the name of the second Madame T. of whom Jones wrote to Jefferson. The above mentioned autograph drafts of letters in the Jones collection supply the only information in regard to these two Madame T's, with the exception of a brief letter of Janet Taylor to Jared Sparkes stating that Madame T. resided with her sister who was a widow. This letter is in the Harvard Library.

The author of this article paid a research agent for three years to seek for the identity of this second Madame T. in all the libraries and archives of Paris. This search was without success. We know by Robert Sands's statement that she was not called Thelison or Tellison. We know also by Jones's letter to Jefferson of the year 1788 that she did not acknowledge the money sent to her by Jones during his absence in Russia. In the attempt to supply a Lady Hamilton to the history of our naval hero, Buell invented many romantic incidents. According to Jones's letters to Jefferson and those which he enclosed in these to the lady herself he did sustain an intimate relation with this second Madame T. He stated to Jefferson that she was an illegitimate daughter of Louis XV. by a lady of quality. He also stated that she had a protectress who had some position of importance at the court. No investigation has discovered the full name of this Madame T., of her mother, or of her protectress. Mr. Buell has stated that an unpublished entry in the diary of Gouverneur Morris related that she was present at Jones's side during his last illness in Paris. Mr. Russell has quoted this statement. The following letter from Gouverneur Morris's granddaughter, Mrs. Maudsley, states that there was no such entry.

32, Montpelier Square
London, S. W. October 27, 1906
England.

Dear Mrs. de Koven:

I have been able to fulfil my promise to you to search through my grandfather's original papers for this entry of July 15th, 1972, concerning Paul Jones, which Mr. Buell quotes as originating with my grandfather. There is no such entry in his original diary nor is there any mention of Paul Jones at this time other than that published in the "Diary and Letters," dated July 18th, where Mr. Morris was sent for to make Paul Jones's will on the day before he died.

It is of course possible that Mr. Buell may have found some such mention of Paul Jones in some letter of my grandfather's written at that time, but there is no such entry in the original diary.

I hope you are making satisfactory progress with your work and I am sorry I cannot throw any light on Madame de Telison. I cannot remember her name appearing amongst the many names of people my grandfather knew and wrote of.

Yours sincerely,
ANNIE CARY MAUDSLEY.

Mr. Russell states also on Buell's authority that the mother of the lady whom he falsely called Aimée Adele de Telison was called Madame de Bonneval. There was a Madame de Bonneval who assumed his title by order of Louis XV. after she had come under his protection. Her real name was Mlle. de Tiercelin. She did have a child by Louis XV., but that child was a son, called Benoist Louis Le Duc, who went into the church and became the Abbé of the church of St. Martin in Paris. Mlle. de Tiercelin was never married and died in Paris on July 15th, 1779. Buell's invention of the so called "Aimée de Telison's" parentage was thus as completely unfounded as were the rest of his fabrications. The author of this article procured a copy of the entire dossier of Mlle. de Tiercelin, which is to be found in the Archives Nationales Artistiques et Littéraires, Bibliothèque Nationale, where the above facts are set forth.

A letter from Buell to Colonel Henry Watterson in answer to his enquiries for further information about "Aimée Adele de Telison" furnishes information in regard to his methods of building up a story. This letter was furnished by a member of Buell's family.

To Henry Watterson. December 3, 1900

My dear Henry:

I received your letter of the 28th ultimo on my return from Washington today.

With regard to Aimée Adele de Telison—not "Thellison"—I can only say that, in the text of my book, I exhausted all that I could glean in twenty years of research: and, even at that I drew to some extent on an historical novel called "Le Déluge," published in France in 1833, which so far as I know was never translated into English and is now exceedingly rare.

Apart from the fragmentary remnants of her correspondence with Jones preserved in the Sherburne Collection, the Janette Taylor Collection, and the French Collection; together with the letters of Miss Edes-Herbert and a few cursory references in "Historical Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI," I could find nothing authentic about her in contemporaneous papers, and the substance of all that is embraced in my book. I based my theory of her employment by Josephine on a footnote in the letters of Miss Edes-Herbert as printed in Edinburgh in 1809.

Most truly yours,
(signed) A. C. BUELL.

The book called "The Historical Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI," cannot be discovered and there is no edition of the letter of Miss Edes-Herbert published in Edinburgh in 1809. Quotations only from this lady's letters are to be found in the "Biography of Paul Jones," published by an anonymous writer in Edinburgh in 1833.

The third example of Buell's inventions relates to the false document assigned by him to Paul Jones on the founding of the Navy. Buell states that on the 4th of September, 1775, a Committee was appointed in Congress to discuss the foundation of a Navy. Buell again states that on the 14th of September Paul Jones presented this document to the Committee. Any school boy could have informed Colonel Buell that it was John Adams who assembled the first Committee to discuss the founding of the Navy on October the 3rd, 1775, and that an enlarged Committee met again on October 13th to continue these deliberations. The document supplied by Buell is a barefaced fabrication as was also the personnel of Buell's imaginary Committee of September 4th, 1775. The eighth paragraph of this false document contains a garbled quotation from an authentic letter of Paul Jones to Hewes of April 14th, 1776. The existence of this passage presents internal evidence of the falsity of the document as the dates of the Committees of Congress present external evidence of its fabrication. Mr. Phillips Russell has stated that a quotation from this document is now in use at Annapolis. The following letter from Commander Nulton should definitely and permanently dispose of this statement:

United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

Dear Constien: 6 February 1928.

Replying to yours of the 3 January with reference to the so-called Paul Jones letter; The use of the excerpt taken from Buell's "Paul Jones" was discontinued some time previous to the World War.

The following quotation was used between 1910 or 1911 until 1917 directly in connection with the English course:

"None other than a gentleman, as well as a seaman both in theory and practice, is qualified to support the character of a com-

(*Continued on page* 812)

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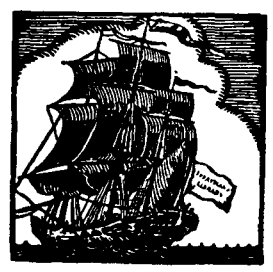

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 28. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short poem in Analyzed Rhyme. For the benefit of those who missed the discussion of Analyzed Rhyme in our last issue a brief explanation is printed below.* (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of April 30.)

Competition No. 29. Mr. Mencken's April *Americana* reports that Mr. Billy Sunday has announced an intention to have himself skinned after death, the skin to furnish a drum for use in street Revival Parades throughout the United States. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the poem most nearly resembling what Mr. Vachel Lindsay might write on hearing such a drum beaten in Springfield, Illinois. (Entries, which may be fragmentary, but must not exceed forty lines of verse, should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 7.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best description, in the manner of Mr. Thornton Wilder, of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's thoughts and feelings on coming back to settle in Gopher Prairie after having won fame in the world.

THE PRIZE DESCRIPTION

HE had been in Gopher Prairie for a week. It was Rotary Day at the new hotel, and dazedly he reflected that he was there as the guest of Dr. Kennicott. It did not surprise him, nor even shock him. The great shock of his decision to return overshadowed all lesser concussions. But he did not intend to respond to the loud platitudes and meaningless compliments that he knew would be heaped upon him. He hated that.

The two columns on the front page of the *Weekly Dauntless*, under the heading, "The Return of the Native," had been almost intolerably painful to him. It outraged him that he should be the subject of so much rhetoric. He had hoped that the paper would damn him roundly, and that he might then find a handful of appreciative souls that might turn out to be friends. But he knew it was too much to hope for. The *Dauntless* had hailed him as the man who, with Percy Bresnahan, "had put Gopher Prairie on the map." Lewis floated into a cold, calm fury that did not leave him for days.

Changes in the physical city were to have been expected, but no one could have anticipated the changes that had come to pass in Gopher Prairie since Lewis last saw it. For three consecutive years it had won the "Better Cities" contest, and the very pavements rang with the slogan. Lewis had no quarrel with civic improvement. But the clanging monotony of the cry bored him horribly. When he accepted Dr. Kennicott's invitation he was in that state, and having arrived at the luncheon he knew that he was about to be bored still worse. Rapidly he studied the faces at the long table, but saw everywhere smug prosperity and the Spirit of Boast. Desperately he recalled his reasons for his return, and clung to them as to an anchor. If he must be a spiritual hermit, he could not endure it. Then he found himself listening to an excellent speaker. "Beyond physical convenience and civic improvement there were intellectual continents undiscovered." The applause was tremendous. Lewis was thinking, "I wonder if my grandchildren's grandchildren will glimpse one of the shores?"

DAVID HEATHESTONE.

If David Heathestone had not already proved his mettle by taking the prize from nearly two hundred rival competitors a few weeks ago I might have found it more difficult to explain that he wins this time for the sole reason that his fragment was the least unsuccessful of a not very successful batch. Mr. Thornton Wilder would not, I think, have permitted a shock to *overshadow* a concussion, and to me there seems something wrong with the simile of the anchor. Moreover, the fragment has no subtlety and its prose is only negatively reminiscent of Mr. Wilder's. But even more serious objections are to be urged against the entries by Parker Tyler and Gertrude Jennings which, more than any others, approached Mr. Heathestone's standard. Formerly, in such circumstances, I withheld the award. The post office regulations, however, seem to forbid this, and therefore the prize will always in future be awarded. One can only regret a law that reduces a contest of skill to the level of a lottery.

Mary Heath Ballantyne and Arjeh were the best of several who chose the wrong approach by making Mr. Wilder describe Mr. Lewis's thoughts in the first person, thus:

> Now I shall become acquainted with the central passions of the Main Street that I have reviled. Fame is mine, but I am terrified at the illusions of the brain-fever that my leisure engenders. Henceforth I am constrained to paint my characters in tableau, unmoving. In repose each is curious and exasperating. "I think," Babbitt said to me lately, "I could confess a little about myself if you would let me be quiet long enough."

This, by Mrs. Ballantyne, is pitched in a completely false key to harmonize with Mr. Wilder. But the last sentence, taken on its own merits, is of pregnant excellence. Theodore Schilling might have challenged the prizewinner if he had written at greater length, but Arjeh, who can usually be depended on for a good parody, slipped into mere burlesque this time. Parker Tyler alone seems to have envisaged a possible satiric *parallel in Shakespeare's return to* Stratford. He made very little of it, however.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.) 1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. ALL MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

*The following specimen of Analyzed Rhyme by Frank Kendon, its inventor, is reprinted from last week:

Oh that content, content might softly so
Steal over me and cheat this longing for fame,
That I might love the trees about my home,
Or well enough sing to throw the songs away.

The principle of Analyzed Rhyme can be briefly re-stated as follows: "Mr. Kendon takes two such words as "soon" and "hide," but separates the vowel from the consonantal sounds before looking for his rhymes. The "oo" of soon is united with the "d" of hide; and the "i" of hide with the "n" of soon. This simple analysis produces the rhyming sounds oon, ide, ine, ood as a basis for new sets of words. Thus an absolute sound relationship can be established between words that have hitherto seemed alien to each other, e. g., soon hide, divine, brood." (See the issue of *The Saturday Review* dated April 14.)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE STUPID NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *Leon Daudet*. Translated by *Lewis Galantière*. Payson & Clarke.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS. By *J. C. Squire*. Holt.

LONDON NIGHTS IN THE GAY NINETIES. By *Shane Desmond*. McBride. $3 net.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Vol. XIII. Collected by *Caroline Spurgeon*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

SHIPMATES. By *Felix Riesenberg*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

DESTINATIONS. By *Gorham B. Munson*. Sears. $2.

TRAGEDY. By *F. L. Lucas*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By *Allardyce Nicoll*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY. By *Harold Nicolson*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.

A LECTURE ON LECTURES. By *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.

Biography

RECOLLECTIONS OF RUPERT BROOKE. By MAURICE BROWNE. Chicago: Alexander Greene. 1927.

The typography of this interesting addition to books concerning Rupert Brooke is by Douglas C. McMurtrie, the volume having been printed for Alexander Greene by the Cuneo Press in December, 1927, five hundred and ten copies only, on French hand-made paper. The frontispiece is an especially beautiful reproduction of a photograph of Brooke made by Hutchinson of Chicago. The other illustrations are reproductions, one of a Brooke letter from the Hotel McAlpin in New York City, another of a rare snapshot taken on shipboard.

Mr. Browne's account of Brooke deals with their meeting in Chicago, their passage to England together, and the hospitality shown to Mr. Browne and Miss Van Volkenburg in England by Brooke and other literary friends. The artistic ties between Mr. Browne and Rupert Brooke were poetry and the theatre. Mr. Browne's work with the Chicago Little Theatre is well known. Brooke had written his play, "Lithuania," which Mr. Browne later produced. Mr. Browne thinks that there are strong indications that Brooke's future work, had he lived, would have been in the drama.

Mr. Browne is to be congratulated in quite evidently presenting this fabulous young man precisely as he knew him. He paints a vividly human portrait, with hardly any sentimentality—which is unusual, considering the fact that he cherished for Brooke a friendship approaching adoration. This book, presenting casual correspondence and diary extracts, gives the full flavor of the fortunate youth—his obtusenesses are implicit in it as well as his amazing charm. The former are merely found by one reader. Mr. Browne has only been engaged in recording accurately words and episodes. He, naturally, worships the memory of an extraordinary phenomenon. Brooke must have been all of that—to see, to hear. And he possessed great talent. Actual genius we do not believe that a final appraisal will accord him. But that matters little. It is as the almost fabulous embodiment of all youth—diamond hard and bright—that he still lives for a generation.

AS I KNEW THEM. Presidents and Politics From Grant to Coolidge. By HENRY L. STODDARD. 1927. $5.

Mingling reminiscence with reflection, Mr. Stoddard has staged a panorama of the politics and the politicians of the past four decades in this country which should interest both the reader whose knowledge of public affairs is derived mainly from the newspapers and the student of government. Mr. Stoddard has an eye for the picturesque and the dramatic, but he also touches the scenes he recalls with comment which, if not invariably above criticism, is often much more cogent than that to be found in more pretentious discussion. Moreover, while there is nothing of the "now it can be told" pose in his pages, he occasionally relates an incident that throws light upon some corner which needs all the illumination it can get. For instance, as a reporter he heard the famous "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" speech of the Rev. Dr. Burchard at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City. Following the meeting a dozen or more newspaper correspondents sat on the "Amen Corner" benches in the hotel discussing its news features. The group included men, some of whose papers favored Blaine, others Cleveland, and still others Butler. Yet not one of them saw the "story" that had been written before their eyes. The sensation was sprung late that afternoon in circulars which had been issued at the Democratic headquarters in consequence of the report of a "trailer" who had been detailed to take stenographic notes of everything that happened at the Blaine gatherings.

In his comment upon the outcome of that election, however, Mr. Stoddard is not consistent. "Indisputably," he says on page 134, "Blaine would have been elected President by a heavy popular vote had there been no Burchard speech." Yet two pages later he charges that the returns in New York State were false, and previously, on page 94, he had declared that Conkling's "vindictive, relentless antagonism cost Blaine the Presidency."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Translated from the Italian by R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press. 1927.

This little book privately printed by Benedetto Croce in 1915 for circulation among a few friends well deserves the larger public ensured by the present English translation. It is not an autobiography in the usual sense of the word, but rather a critical work of Benedetto Croce upon Benedetto Croce, seeking to correlate the literary and philosophical output of the man with his personality and the events of his life. His Catholic upbringing, loss of faith, and period of depression after the death of his parents in the earthquake of Casamicciola in 1883; his early antiquarian and historical pursuits; the awakening of his æsthetic interest, the founding of *La Critica*, and the sequence of his philosophical writings; the influence upon him of De Sanctis, Labriola, and Gentile; and, above all, the relation—or what he conceives to be the relation—of his own thought to that of Hegel;—these matters are discussed calmly and impersonally.

Throughout the book two characteristics stand out most strongly—Croce's paramount love of ideas and his almost Puritanical regard for work. This "gentleman of leisure" has labored harder than any professional; this unacademic philosopher has outdone the academicians in devotion to his task. The oft-disclaimed affinity with right-wing pragmatism also appears in his emphasis upon freedom, his concern with the temporal, and his glorification of life. More nearly the creator of a "system" than any other contemporary, he is content to regard it as mainly a breeder of new problems and of other systems. One's duty to one's past, he seems to think, is chiefly to outgrow it. Perhaps it was in large part this forward-looking attitude which made Croce for so long a leader of the younger generation in Italy. Even if Fascismo has deserted him for the more pliant Gentile, Fascismo itself is in his debt. And outside of Italy his work has opened up new veins of thought still to be developed—veins glimpsed alluringly in this little "Autobiography."

A SEARCH FOR AMERICA. By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE. Ottawa: Graphic. 1927. $3.

Autobiographical novels seldom maintain so even a level of truthfulness, consistency, and restraint as that followed throughout this story of several years' wandering in the author's early lifetime. The protagonist-narrator, son of an impoverished Scandinavian aristocrat and of a Scots gentlewoman, orphaned and all but penniless at twenty-four migrates to Canada in quest of his fortune. Though a broadly cultured scholar, the master of several languages, an idealist, and a man of undoubted ability, the only means of livelihood which falls to his lot is that of waiter in a Toronto restaurant. After holding that job two months, with his scant savings he drifts to New York, there to be "rolled" by crooks, and left destitute without prospect of work. Finally he is employed as an innocent selling agent for fake *de luxe* book sets, but on discovering the dishonesty of his firm's projects, he abandons the business in disgust, and afoot takes the road southward as a tramp. During all this latter period of his pilgrimage, he earns his way, in rural districts, shunning the towns, as a mill worker, a "tree-butcher," a harvest hand, a farm-wagon driver. And in the end, his long quest for the ideal America draws near to fulfilment. It is a stout book (448 pages stout), unusual for the purity of its style, for its sober thoughtfulness, for the unquestionable worth of its purpose and ideas.

(*Continued on next page*)

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So that nothing hidden be,
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All her body's rosy wonder—
Love will set your sense aglow,
Longing tear your heart asunder.
Call it, when your work you scan,
"Portrait of a wretched man."

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By JEAN CAPART

Besides presenting an altogether fresh point of view, this book is a veritable treasure of illustrations, containing many never shown elsewhere. M. Capart, director of the Royal Museum in Brussels, is one of the foremost authorities on Egyptian art, and writes from his learning and his full knowledge of the most recent excavations. The volume, printed in Belgium, with 188 plates, is a splendid example of bookmaking. May 1, $5.00.

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Biography

(Continued from preceding page)

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MY PEOPLE THE SIOUX. By *Chief Standing Bear.* Houghton Mifflin.

HERBERT HOOVER. By *Will Irwin.* Century. $3.

ANATOLE FRANCE ABROAD. By *Jean Jacques Brousson.* McBride. $5 net.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS. Edited by *C. W. Everett.* London: Faber & Gwyer.

NICOLO MACHIAVELLI THE FLORENTINE. By *Giuseppe Prezzoline.* Brentanos. $3.50.

TALKS WITH THOMAS HARDY AT MAX GATE. 1920-1922. By *Vere H. Collings.* Doubleday, Doran.

PRINCESSES, LADIES, AND SALONNIERES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV. By *Thérèse Louis Latour.* Knopf.

NAKED TRUTH. By *Clare Sheridan.* Harpers. $5.

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THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Vol. I. Religio Medici, Christian Morals, A Letter to a Friend. Edited by *Geoffrey Keynes.* Rudge. $6.

THOMAS HARDY. By *Samuel C. Chew.* Knopf. $3.50.

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THE INFLUENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE IN FRANCE. By *Célestin Pierre Cambiare.* Steckert.

Drama

THE PRIEST AND HIS DISCIPLES. By KURATA HYAKUZO. Translated by GLENN W. SHAW. Doran. 1927. $2.

With our hazy notions of Japan as a mingling of kimonos, cherry blossoms, and yellow peril, we ought to be grateful for the definite glimpse of the religious side of the Japanese character—or at least a side of the religious side—afforded by "The Priest and his Disciples." Its author, Kurata Hyakuzo, now thirty-seven years old, long ill with tuberculosis, is one of the most influential of the younger Japanese writers. "The Priest and his Disciples" is a closet-drama (which has, however, been adapted to the Japanese acting stage with great success), presenting the fortunes of Shinran, the thirteenth century founder of the Shin sect of Buddhism, which is to-day the most powerful Buddhist group in Japan. Hyakuzo's Shinran is not a historical portrait but a syncretic product with elements taken from Christianity as well as Buddhism. He represents Hyakuzo's ideal, as well as that of a large section of the Japanese youth—an ideal made up of benevolence and pity, a deep sense of personal sin, but an even deeper faith in universal salvation. "It's a good and harmonious world," says Shinran at the end after a life of suffering. The mood of the play is as far as possible from the militaristic national spirit too often supposed to be entirely regnant in Japan.

STAGE DECORATION. By SHELDON CHENEY. Day. 1928. $10.

Mr. Cheney in his new book defines stage decoration by describing its chronological development, and since 1900, its revolutionary development from abstraction to expressionism, from the architectural stage *through the space stage to constructivism.* Mr. Cheney treats his subject in a clear and concise manner. There has been no work of importance in the theatre of the past two decades that he has not included in its proper place—indeed, it is difficult to feel sure that in all the theatres' recent hurly-burly change of growth there can already be discerned such distinct lines of progress as he indicates. But is the architectural stage the real touchstone for so much of our modern production treatment as Mr. Cheney would lead us to believe? Possibly such treatment is due to the clarity of the author's perception of new forms and changing currents within the theatre.

Though all of his material has been treated by other authors in various books and articles, it has never been brought together with such comprehensive understanding. It professes no detailed treatment of theatre mechanics or electrical equipment that have such a direct bearing on the development of stage decoration. For a book of this nature that is wisely left for specialists and technicians. The book is made doubly valuable by Mr. Cheney's fine selection of illustrations with excellent captions that present a vivid pictorial growth of the theatre from the Greeks, and a fine record of modern stage decoration in Europe and America. Such a book cannot fail to appeal to all who are theatre-conscious.

THE NEW GENERATION. By *J. M. Meirovitz.* Four Seas.

DEKKER'S "SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY." Edited by *J. R. Sutherland.* Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

FIVE RESTORATION TRAGEDIES. Edited by *Bonamy Dobrée.* Oxford. 80 cents.

OPEN COLLARS. By *Erik Barnouw.* Princeton University Press. $1.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER. Edited by *F. L. Lucas.* Houghton Mifflin. 4 vols.

OSCAR WILDE. By *Lester Cohen.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

COPY. 1928. Appleton. $2.

THE CENTURY. By *Em Jo Basshe.* Macaulay. $2.

EARTH. By *Em Jo Basshe.* Macaulay. $2.

Fiction

AIMÉE VILLARD, DAUGHTER OF FRANCE. By CHARLES SILVESTRE. Translated by MARJORIE HENRY ILSLEY and RENÉE JARDIN. Macmillan. 1928. $1.75.

The story of this French peasant girl is a story of simple devotions to simple things. It is a pastoral recounting of life among people who work until they are tired, sleep until they are rested, and eat that more work may be done. These things, however, are seen and shown through a radiant faith in the ultimate good of lives unquestioningly devoted to duty, which gives dignity and importance to the least considered detail. Aimée Villard is left at her father's death with the management and working of the ancestral farm, "La Genette," with the help, or hindrance, of an invalid mother, an eighty-year-old grandfather, and three little brothers and sisters. Day by day, the story of the eighteen-year-old girl is told. The farm, the church services, supper with village friends, the lightest touch of love that passes, the savor of rabbit stew, and the richness of fruitful soil are given with equal minuteness and tenderness. "Aimée Villard" lies on exactly the other side of the moon from Zola's "La Terre." For gentleness and opalescent simplicity of style one can turn only to "Marie Chapdelaine" for comparison.

THE CABIN AT THE END OF THE TRAIL. By SHELBA HARGREAVES. Harpers. 1928. $2.

This is another book about pioneer life, in Oregon in 1843. The material is like that of "Giants in the Earth," but the effect is like "The Swiss Family Robinson." The clever Bainbridge family turn to their advantage most unlikely materials, the fat round animals' entrails for soap, old teepees for shoes, braided rag floating in buffalo grease for light. The Pioneers' grim fight with Nature is a background for the Bainbridges' ingenuity and optimism. The author interjects Indian words constantly for local color and introduces long descriptive incidents for information about Indian and pioneer customs. The villain, who keeps the plot moving by deceiving both his own race and the Indians, is rather unconvincing.

The book seems more like a chatty historical account to instruct children than material for mature minds already somewhat aware of pioneer conditions.

HYACINTH. By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. Stokes. 1928. $2.

What the Olympian deities might do and feel on a visit to mortal realms offers a field for diverting speculation.

It is the intense humanity of the inhabitants of the Greek pantheon which has conferred on them the immortality of mortal affection. We know that the gods of Greece, like those of other nations, were not immune from jealousy, boredom, and other human failings, but, alone among theocracies, they were endowed with a sense of humor—witness Homer's story of Ares and Aphrodite, when "laughter unquenchable shook the immortal gods."

Hyacinth, who was killed playing quoits with Apollo and translated thereupon to the lower slopes of Olympus, is a thoroughly Hellenic demigod. It has been his practice to come down to earth from time to time for the purpose of picking up gos-

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sip with which to regale the lesser gods of Olympus. Iris, we are informed, performs the same office for the more important deities. On this occasion Hyacinth is catering to the Muses.

The book is, therefore, divided into eleven chapters: the first is a hymn to Apollo, and each of the others is dedicated to a Muse, except that Thalia, on account of an especially excruciating attack of boredom, receives two: is she not, besides, the Muse of idyllic poetry as well as the Muse of comedy?

So Hyacinth pursues his laughing way among mortals, a stranger to none, a philanthropist entirely without convictions, bringing sunshine and happiness into the lives of those he meets.

"Suddenly a comet blazed, and Hyacinth felt his feet leave the ground." The most hardened realist cannot but feel a twinge of sadness at the return of this gay, gallant, kindly emissary to his Olympian abode.

The author has treated his subject with an appropriately playful fantasy. He has written this delightful "excursion" with sunny humor, gracefully submerging the probable in the improbable. And, above all, he has not committed the unforgivable sin of making a Greek god in the image of an English gentleman.

HIS ELIZABETH. By ELSWYTH THANE. Stokes. 1928. $2.

This is very sad. We had thought that the time-hallowed dime-novel had long since departed from our midst, but lo! just like Elizabeth, it revisiteth the glimpses of the moon as a full-grown child—the only difference being that it now sells for two good round dollars instead of ten cents. However, thank God, it is not often that there falls even into the reviewer's disenchanted hands so characterless a mess of naïveté and stage-shifts. Clumsy work is irritating enough (and this is clumsy, certainly, for all its affected grace), but there is nothing on earth more irritating than sapless work, and this is both clumsy and sapless. You have to be a considerably skillful craftsman to write convincingly, or even interestingly, of half-baked poets, love-sick virgins whose very cough is romantic, and, even worse, a bunch of rummy, flashy boobs at Monte Carlo. If you can do it, excellent. If you can't—well, you will probably write a novel like "His Elizabeth."

Miss Thane tells a story whose originality is, curiously enough, not its most glaring quality. Tommy Chandler kissed Elizabeth behind a hedge in Surrey when they were children; but remorseless Time parts them for many, many years, and then, O cunning of Cupid, they meet in Provence once again! They must be married immediately, insists Tommy, now turned poet, and Elizabeth is filled with raptures, faintness, and doubtless a number of other things which our author neglects to mention. But there come complications, alas, and a road of hard sledding for the pretty lovers, over which Miss Thane makes much sound and fury, signifying—oh, well, be kind to birds. But all turns out in the end according to the ways of Venus, who, by the bye, is rather too Uranian in Tommy's case to be exactly convincing. And so at last the noble young poet with his fair curls and "oh, dears," is united with Elizabeth, "the soul of truth and the spirit of beauty." And thus we leave them—without regret, while wondering why a light-hearted book seems so often obliged to be equally light-minded.

ASHENDEN: OR THE BRITISH AGENT. By SOMERSET MAUGHAM. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

This latest novel of Mr. Maugham's is a breath-catcher, a pot-boiler—but one remarkably well done. The story is far from complex. Ashenden is in the employ of the British government and engaged on diplomatic missions. In the pursuit of his orders he becomes associated with various strange and tragic characters, and it becomes his destiny to stand callously by while the overwhelming forces of fate and diplomacy sear their lives. Therein lies the book's *élan*, the Maughamesque slaughter ground, the sounding-board for the author's forte. There he wields all of his subtle talent, his distilled social philosophy, his literary polish.

The book, which has enough intrigue material for fifteen scenarios, is arranged in such a fashion that it could be chopped up according to chapter divisions and published serially . . . like the well-worn adventures of Sherlock Holmes, or the legal whimsies of Tutt and Mr. Tutt. Poignantly written, it rambles on over vast steppes with a horizon that ever recedes. It has little beginning, no climax or peak in the hero's development, and the finish is a resting space—not an end of the narrative. It is more properly an endless chronicle of strange, vivid people who, in the intrigues of war, rise out of fancy for a moment of tangible form, flash strongly their brief second, and fade back into the dusk of a macabre screen.

ALL OR NOTHING. By J. D. BERESFORD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.50.

Whether the latest of Mr. Beresford's annual contributions is to be judged by the standards of the novel or the tract remains a question. Certainly it satisfies the requirements of neither. The bare bones of a story are there, but they creak and call aloud for flesh and blood. As for the religious message emerging from the conclusion, sound as it may be, it fails through faulty presentation to carry any conviction.

James Bledloe, an Englishman of great wealth, excellent family, and unimpeachable social connections, finds his existence "futile, worthless, empty." From his youth on he unsuccessfully seeks a career commensurate with his undiscovered talents, the realization of his vague ideals of what life should hold for him. He dabbles in occultism and various types of new thought; he goes to Russia; he forgives an unchaste wife; he takes fliers into politics and infidelity. But on page 199 he still feels in himself only "emptiness, a blank and terrible vacuity." (We agree.) Suddenly, however, in some unexplained manner a gift comes to him. James begins to speak of impulses to righteousness, of giving up stimulants, sedatives, and meat; he acquires faith, supernatural powers, and a kind of second sight; he disposes of all his worldly possessions in order to fit himself for death. In short, this failure of a man, in the space of three days, finds certainty not only for himself but for many other people around him.

Obviously, such heavier-than-air craft might have risen from the ground. A fervent enough belief in the theme or in the persons of the tale would have supplied the required helium. But Mr. Beresford's usual deftness has deserted him this year. James is by far the dullest and least persuasive prophet we have ever met.

THE MAN OF IRON. By RICHARD DEHAN. Stokes. 1928. $3.

This novel was first published in the second year of the war, receiving very cold attention because of a definite feeling against things German; but now the publishers feel justified in bringing out a new edition "as a result of the actively renewed interest in Bismarck today," and the passing of prejudice. That must stand as the one and only justification for its publication, the novel itself scarcely having enough intrinsic value to warrant a reprinting. The chief trouble with it seems to be that Bismarck is so much more a force touching the life about him than the main character of the story, as it appears he should be. He is more important as an influence than as a personality. Whenever his figure emerges, the man is hidden behind white uniforms and imperial obligations. The only issue that is very clearly brought out is Bismarck's essential peacefulness, his desire for friendship, and his sincere dislike of war except as a defence of his ideas.

Nothing very important is here, either as literature or history. The whole thing is rather sentimentalized, but the fact that Richard Dehan is a woman, and an old-fashioned one at that, may account for it partly.

FOR LOVE OF A SINNER. By ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON. Century. 1928. $2.

This is a new edition of a fine, swinging, romantic novel based loosely upon the life of Messire François Villon, a subject that will be interesting so long as the ordinary inhibitions of life prevent all but a few of us from developing our inborn talents for roguery. When your picaresque character is a poet, too, and no mean poet either, the combination is irresistible, as any one who consults the Villon bibliography is bound to conclude. Mr. Anderson's book first appeared in 1924 under the imprint of Minton, Balch. It was well received by critics and public, but no better than it deserved, and it will doubtless find many delighted readers in its new printing. Mr. Anderson's fifteenth century Paris is particularly delightful, less mere backdrop than a lusty, lively, dirty, colorful city that should have given birth to Messire François.

(*Continued on page 806*)

VIKING BOOKS

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VOLPONE, that gay and pungent classic of English comedy, has been adapted by Stefan Zweig into a readable and actable modern version, now produced by the New York Theatre Guild. Considered as a piece of restoration, or simply as sophisticated entertainment, this story of the cheater cheated will be valued by all lovers of literature. *Illustrated with decorations by Aubrey Beardsley.* $2.00

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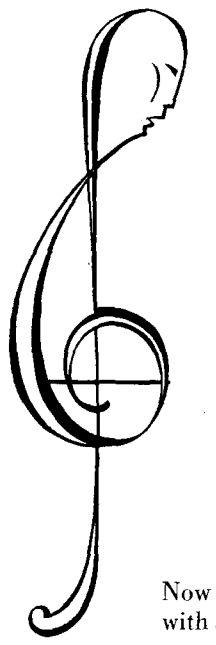
is also the author of *Conflicts*, a volume of three engrossing novelettes, of which Arnold Bennett says: "It has sparks of the divine fire." $2.50

Anti-Dilettante . . .



Few people know that Debussy, the composer, graceful exponent of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, was also Debussy the critic, a man with very provocative views on music and musicians. Monsieur Croche, the dilettante-hater, is an imaginary character through whose mouth Debussy expressed his jovial wisdom. Every music-lover and dilettante-hater will find his acquaintance worth making.

MONSIEUR CROCHE

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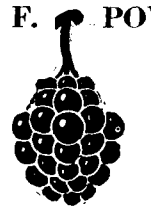

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST has won the enthusiasm of the young intellectuals and of all who are interested in a new literary esthetic. Alfred Kreymborg calls it "a remarkable book—original, daring, stimulating, ecstatic, mad and intelligent." $2.50

***By* JOSEPH G. MACLEOD**

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The Books of the Spring

By Amy Loveman

WE in the editorial offices have been saying that it is a late spring, that books have been appearing more sparsely than is their wont at this season, and yet regarded in retrospect there seem to be as many of them as ever. There is no slackening certainly in the stream of biography, for lives of the great and the near-great jostle one another on the shelves and advance notices of others to follow come in steadily. One of the latest of these chronicles to arrive is a work that appears to be loaded with dynamite, a discussion of the "true" Christopher Columbus, by Marius André (Knopf), wherein is set forth much unorthodox material concerning the discoverer of America not at all to the credit of the navigator. The book is a curious blend of semi-fictional narrative and straightforward historical writing, and both the manner of its presentation and the nature of its thesis are likely to prove a challenge to the controversialists. The reader who has an inclination for this type of biography will find further food for his liking (would that the typewriter were not so immutable and that what was writ were not writ! By "this type of biography" we do not mean a highly charged book, but a study dealing with the early exploration and settlement of America) in Llewelyn Powys's "Henry Hudson" (Harpers) and Milton Waldman's "Sir Walter Raleigh" (Harpers). Then, if he would pursue the annals of his country further, he can make choice among such volumes as Hendrik Van Loon's "Peter Stuyvesant and His Times" (Holt)—that is, he can as soon as this book emerges from the announcement of the publisher into the reality of paper and print—Henry Dwight Sedgwick's "La Fayette" (Bobbs-Merrill), a scholarly study that loses nothing in interest by reason of its carefulness, and Joseph Delteil's impressionistic and vividly colored portrayal of the same figure (Minton, Balch). The interest of these last two books is, of course, far broader than that of the specialist in Americana, but for him they contain much of special pertinence.

Later periods in the history of his country do not lack for chroniclers, for there are new biographies of Andrew Johnson and Andrew Jackson, the one by Robert W. Winston (Holt), and the other by Allen Tate (Minton, Balch), a two-volume study of that picturesque figure, Frémont, on whom its author, Allan Nevins, has bestowed the epithet "Trail Blazer of the West" (Harpers), a study, by George Creel, of Sam Houston (Cosmopolitan), and a volume on Rufus Choate, by Claude M. Fuess (Minton, Balch). In "Kit Carson" (Houghton Mifflin) Stanley Vestal has recreated in his habit as he lived one of those characters in American life that so eminently serve as a model for fiction, while in "Mary Todd Lincoln" (Morrow), Honoré Willsie Morrow redeems from the more or less unfavorable impression which contemporary opinion fastened upon her the personality of the Martyred President's wife. Some of the men who failed of attaining the Presidency find portrayal in Don C. Seitz's "The 'Also Rans'" (Crowell), while the early life of one of the most loved of our recent diplomats, Walter Hidden Page, is developed largely through the medium of correspondence in Burton J. Hendrick's "The Training of an American" (Houghton Mifflin).

The outstanding biographical success of the past few months, of course, has been André Maurois's "Disraeli" (Appleton), a work that both by reason of the dramatic personality of its subject and the liveliness of its narration has the fascination of fiction. A vivid piece of writing also is Giuseppe Prezzolini's "Machiavelli" (Brentanos), a book written with a fervor truly Latin, but one that should prove interesting to the Anglo-Saxon reader. Two lives of the Italian who to-day stands foremost among the ranks of his countrymen have made their appearance, one, by Vittorio E. de Fiori, entitled "Mussolini, the Man of Destiny" (Dutton), and the other, by Alexander Robertson, called Mussolini and the New Italy" (Revell). Disraeli's great contemporary, Gladstone, has had portrayal at the hands of Osbert Burdett (Houghton Mifflin), while statesmen of a later day find depiction in Earl Ronaldshey's "The Life of Lord Curzon" (Boni & Liveright), the first volume of which has just appeared, and "Winston Churchill" (McBride), by "Ephesian." Another volume of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" (Longmans, Green), edited by George Earle Buckle, has come out, and that remarkable figure of recent English history, T. E. Lawrence, whose "Revolt in the Desert" recounted so romantic a saga, appears as the hero of another chronicle, Robert Graves's "Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure" (Doubleday, Doran). Graves, of course, can discuss Lawrence as a personality which Lawrence himself could not do. A book that covers a wide field and offers many interesting sidelights on history is Count Egon Caesar Corti's "The Rise of the House of Rothschild" (Cosmopolitan). Count Corti, not content with this piece of research, has issued a two-volume study on "Maximilian and Charlotte" (Knopf). René Fülop-Miller, whose "The Mind and the Face of Bolshevism" (Knopf) presents a most interesting survey of the new Russia, has published a comparative analysis of "Lenin and Gandhi" (Putnam), and there is a volume by Serge Sazanov entitled "Fateful Years" (Stokes), which records some of the recent events in Russian history. As befits a Canadian publisher, Louis Carrier has issued a life of James Wolfe. It is by W. T. Waugh, and is a study of the man and the soldier. Two other famous military personages are given portrayal in G. R. Stirling Taylor's "Cromwell" (Little, Brown), and Michael Monahan's "My Jeanne d'Arc" (Century).

For those readers for whom the thinkers and writers have more interest than the men of action there is a well-assorted group of biographies from which to make choice. Arnold Whitridge, who can lay claim not only to the name but to the blood of Arnold of Rugby, has written a life of the educator (Holt); Rachel Annand Taylor has drawn a picture of Leonardi da Vinci (Harpers), which is not only a portrait but a gorgeous pageant; Shane Leslie in "The Skull of Swift" (Bobbs-Merrill), the biography of a mind rather than a body, advances the thesis that Swift had no soul; Iris Barry, in "Lady Mary Montagu" (Bobbs-Merrill), turns her nimble pen to a depiction of that striking woman which emphasizes some of the more picturesque elements of her life and her character; while V. Sackville West takes up another of her countrywomen noted for wit and learning, Aphra Behn (Viking). The passion for biography has drawn Horatio Alger into the limelight with an account of what seems a very restricted life in Robert P. Mayers's "Alger: A Biography without a Hero" (Macy-Masius). Gilbert K. Chesterton has written a typically Chestertonian biography in his "Robert Louis Stevenson" (Dodd, Mead), one that the skill of the writer makes always entertaining and his turn for paradox occasionally irritating. Edward Garnett has edited the "Letters of Joseph Conrad" (Bobbs-Merrill), written between 1895 and 1924, and Haldane Macfall has published a life of Aubrey Beardsley (Simon & Schuster). Another volume by Jean Jacques Brousson (McBride) brings together more of the spicy and sometimes ribald anecdotes of Anatole France which an earlier one introduced. One of the most distinctive and interesting chronicles of the season is Howard W. Odum's "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" (Bobbs-Merrill), the autobiography of a Southern negro which is rounded out with bits of verse and comment which serve almost in the capacity of a Greek chorus. Another "Trader Horn" volume is promised by Simon & Schuster, while baseball enthusiasts can feed their enthusiasm for a hero of the diamond on "Babe Ruth's Book of Baseball" (Putnam).

To turn from biography to fiction and first to the novels of the established authors. Elinor Wylie, in "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" (Knopf), has produced another of her romances in which beauty of workmanship keeps pace with originality of conception; Rose Macaulay continues to exercise her satirical abilities effectively in "Daisy and Daphne" (Boni & Liveright); E. M. Delafield has written a quiet, but truthful and excellent book in "The Way Things Are" (Harpers), the chronicle of a woman who finds that the obligations of love and duty are sometimes sufficient to overcome the pull of passion, and Viola Meynell has depicted with delicacy and convincingness the development of a young girl's love in "A Girl Adoring" (Dutton).

G. B. Stern, in "Debonair" (Knopf), depicts the rift between the generations as instanced in the relations between a mother and daughter the characters of both of whom she limns with skill and plausibility, and Sarah Millin, in "An Artist in the Family" (Boni & Liveright), sets forth the ravages of the artistic temperament. "Meat" (Harpers), by Daniel Wilbur Steele, is a powerful but unpleasant story in which the author shows a morbid prepossession at work and the havoc it causes quite without intention. By way of contrast to this forceful but wracking tale the reader might turn to James Stephens's "Etched in Moonlight" (Macmillan), which, like its title, has lure and a shadowy fancifulness, or find relief in Lord Dunsany's "The Blessing of Pan" (Putnam). Donn Byrne in "Crusade" (Little, Brown) has published another of his romantic tales which, if it has not quite the charm of the "Messer Marco Polo" with which he first captured the fancy of the public, is nevertheless good reading. Those who like fiction of a symbolical character will find in T. F. Powys's "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" (Viking) an admirable tale with something of the flavor of Hardy in its unglamorous portrayal of village life. At last, hard upon the reports of the place which Julian Green has made for himself in France, his books are beginning to appear in his native tongue. "The Closed Garden" (Harpers), which was recently issued, is a novel of quite unusual calibre, macabre, but exceedingly powerful. Those who would keep abreast of the really significant work that is being done in literature should read it. The theme which John Erskine made popular with his "Adam and Eve" has not yet been exhausted as Norman Douglas's "In the Beginning," published in an expensive edition by John Day, and Murray Sheehan's "Eden" (Dutton) attest. The ability which was evident in Mr. Sheehan's "Half-Gods" is no less noticeable in this new book which holds its own well in comparison with the competitors in its field.

One of the new entrants into the realm of fiction—at least so far as his publication in America is concerned—made a triumphant first appearance his book having been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club as the volume to be sent to its members. Mr. S. Fowler Wright apparently slid into popularity in England quite without heralding; indeed, he issued his first books himself. "Deluge" (Cosmopolitan), with which he so successfully made his bow to the American public, is a bitter commentary upon civilization but a rattling good yarn, something in the style of the early Wells. It is to be followed by a sequel for which the scene is neatly set at the end of this volume with its close in a situation that practically legalizes polygamy. Other newcomers worthy of mention are Myrtle Johnston, a young girl of only eighteen,

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The Book of the Month Club selection for April—The Hotel

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Columnist of the N.Y. Herald-Tribune

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The Catholic Spirit in America

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER
Associate Editor of *The Commonweal*

An important book for this Presidential year. Indorsed by Catholics everywhere. Answers the question as to how one can be both an American and a Catholic. $3.00

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who in "Hanging Johnny" (Appleton) has written a tale grim and unflinching but carried along with a sure hand to an effective conclusion and relieved of the full blight of its tragedy by an underlying idealism; Elizabeth Bowen, who, in "The Hotel" (Dial), has shown herself an author of marked ability, possessed of subtlety and insight, and capable of delicate craftsmanship. Marjorie Lattimer in "We Are Incredible" (Sears), Josephine Bentham in "Bright Avenues" (Henkle), and Viña Delmar in "Bad Girl" (Harcourt, Brace), have all depicted certain phases of present-day life with keenness and vividness. Bernard De Voto deserts the field of the contemporary for the past and in "House-of-Sun-Goes-Down" (Macmillan), which, incidentally we believe is not to be published for some weeks yet, presents an epic of American pioneering, while Manfred Gottfried lays the scene of his able, long, but smoothly constructed and firmly told "Prelude to Battle" (Day) in the days of Genghis Khan. The reader who is looking for something of emotion as well as story in his fiction will find Rhys Davies's "The Withered Root" (Holt), with its depiction of the effect of religion upon a life, of much interest.

The satirist is still at work, with Sinclair Lewis taking the front of the stage with his "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" (Harcourt, Brace), more of Babbitt in a different form, and full of pertinent and scathing comment. "The 'Elmer Gantry' of education" someone has called Nelson Antrim Crawford's "A Man of Learning" (Little, Brown), and it is indeed an excoriating portrayal of the college President as he recently was in many of our institutions and perhaps still too often is. In lighter vein is Anita Loos's "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" (Boni & Liveright) which is shortly to appear. It is, of course, in the general manner of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but now Miss Loos introduces real personalities whose names she does not hesitate to weave into her narrative.

The detective and mystery story still flourish like the green bay tree. Among the more notable additions to the long list of this type of tale are S. S. Van Dine's "The Greene Murder Case" (Scribners), "The Old Dark House" (Harpers), by J. B. Priestley, a story far above the average of its kind, written with distinction and having a well-developed psychological interest, Francis Beeding's "The House of Dr. Edwardes" (Little, Brown), Victor L. Whitechurch's "Shot on the Downs" (Duffield), R. Austin Freeman's "A Certain Dr. Thorndyke" (Dodd, Mead), "The Story of Ivy" (Doubleday, Doran), by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, "The Three Days Terror" (C'ode), by J. S. Fletcher, "Ashenden, or The British Agent" (Doubleday, Doran), by Somerset Maugham, "Tragedy at Ravensthorpe" (Little, Brown), by J. J. Connington, "The Dawson Pedigree" (Dial), by Dorothy Sayers, and a collection of stories by Cynthia Asquith entitled "The Black Cap" (Scribners).

Foreign fiction is represented by many familiar names. Shortly after Ibanez's death his "Reeds and Mud" appeared from the press of E. P. Dutton. Longmans, Green have recently brought out an interesting narrative of the Russia of 1915-1920, "The Land of the Children," by Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky, and a second book, "The Unforgiven" (Duffield), has come from the pen of General P. N. Krasnoff whose "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" won so many ardent commendations and so much popular favor. A new author, so far as the American public is concerned, is shortly to be introduced by Harcourt, Brace, through Princess Bibesco's "Catherine Paris." This is not the Princess Bibesco who is the wife of a former Rumanian minister to the United States and the daughter of the late Lord Oxford, but a Rumanian Princess whose charming descriptions of the people and scenery of her native land have long been well known in the French version. Harcourt, Brace, too, is bringing out Marc Chadbourne's "Vasco," and Longmans, Green have presented a new writer to the public in the person of the Argentine novelist, Hugo Wast, whose "Black Valley" they recently published. Other foreign fiction of note on the spring list are Paul Morand's "The Living Buddha" (Holt), a sort of a "Young Rajah" in modern style, "Children and Fools" (Knopf), by Thomas Mann, a collection of short stories, the graceful and sprightly "The Three-Cornered Hat" (Simon & Schuster), by Pedro de Alarcon, and "Theresa" (Simon & Schuster), by Arthur Schnitzler.

We are aware that we have enumerated but a fraction of the novels of the spring, but the limitations of space forbid our adding many more titles to the list. At random we select a few of lighter nature: "Welcome Home" (Dodd, Mead), by Alice Duer Miller, "The Spanish Prisoner" (Doubleday, Doran), by Freeman Tilden, "The King's Passport" (Putnams), by H. Bedford Jones, "Cursed Be the Treasure" (Macy, Masius), by H. B. Drake, "France is Full of Frenchmen" (Payson & Clarke), by Lewis Galantière, and "Meet Mr. Mulliner," by P. E. Wodehouse (Doubleday, Doran).

And now, having devoted the space we intended to suffice for the covering of all categories to those of biography and fiction alone, we bring our survey to an abrupt termination.

Personal Choices

MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE. By T. F. Powys.
DAISY AND DAPHNE. By Rose Macaulay.
"SAKI" (All four volumes).
HELEN AND FELICIA. By E. B. C. Jones.
DELUGE. By H. Fowler Wright.
THE WAY THINGS ARE. By E. M. Delafield.
SOUTHERN CHARM. By Toa Glenn.
THE VOYAGE OF THE NORMAN D. By Barbara Newhall Follett.
Earlier Books: Death Comes for the Archbishop. By *Willa Cather*. The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By *Thornton Wilder*.

Elinor Wylie

*This author wishes it stated that, owing to her own literary obligations, her reading of late of contemporary books has been anything but extensive.

RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER. By Howard W. Odum.
DISRAELI. By André Maurois.
DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather.
YEATS'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD. By Elinor Wylie.
THE THREE-CORNERED HAT. By Pedro de Alarcon.
THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY. By Thornton Wilder.
FRÉMONT, THE TRAIL BLAZER. By Allen Nevins.
YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. By Stuart Chase.
ULICH AND SORACA. By George Moore.

Rascoe Burdett

THE TRAVELS OF WILLIAM BARTRAM. By William Bartram.
OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Samuel E. Morison.
MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE. By T. F. Powys.
DISRAELI. By André Maurois.
DELUGE. By Fowler Wright.
MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD. By Elinor Wylie.
RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER. By Howard W. Odum.
THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY. By Thornton Wilder.
DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather.

Henry S. Canby

DELUGE. By H. Fowler Wright.
CREATURES. By Padraic Colum.
THE GREENE MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine.
ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT. By James Stephens.
DAISY AND DAPHNE. By Rose Macaulay.
MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD. By Elinor Wylie.
SOUTHERN CHARM. By Isa Glenn.
PAPILLEE. By Marcus Cheke.
KIT CARSON. By Stanley Vestal.
THE WAY THINGS ARE. By E. M. Delafield.

William Rose Benét

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather.
THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY. By Thornton Wilder.
MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD. By Elinor Wylie.
MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE. By T. F. Powys.
THE WAY THINGS ARE. By E. M. Delafield.
DISRAELI. By André Maurois.
BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER. By Earnest Elmo Calkins.
OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Samuel E. Morison.
RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER. By Howard W. Odum.

Amy Loveman

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY

1884-1928

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Sir James Murray
Dr. Henry Bradley

Editors
Dr. William A. Craigie
Charles T. Onions

The Oxford University Press announces that the New English Dictionary *based on historical principles, publication of which began in 1884, is now completed. The concluding section* Wise-Wyzen *was published in England on April 19th. On that day a set of the Dictionary was by His Majesty's gracious permission presented to King* George *the Fifth.*

Complete sets less the concluding half volume are available at all good booksellers at prices from $425 upwards for the complete set. The Publishers will gladly forward on application a detailed prospectus of the work. The concluding half volume will be obtainable in America on May 24th.

Oxford University Press *American Branch* New York

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Vachel Lindsay writes to the publishers:

Gentlemen:

My wife and I have just been reading aloud to one another Isadora Duncan's life by herself.

We offer our profound congratulations. We are delighted beyond ordinary words. You may tell the world any way you want to. My Great Springfield Cathedral Of All Faiths, of which I wrote in such a sad way in "The Golden Book of Springfield", would have had a great niche for her, for Isadora was one of the great modern saints if there has ever been a modern saint.

We are for her because she walked through a hundred fortunes and great patrons on to poverty again and again with sublime faith as easily as Saint Clara would have done. Poverty, Chastity, Obedience to Beauty.

This is a portion only of Mr. Lindsay's remarkable letter. The publishers will be glad to send a complete transcript on request.

Courtesy Arnold Genthe

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 803)

LUCIA IN LONDON. By E. F. BENSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

The most important character in Mr. Benson's latest novel is Lucia Lucas, a social climber, a hypocrite of the first order, a *poseuse* of infinite variety—and a success in whatever she undertakes. Coming into the estate of an unwept-for aunt, Lucia and her husband (he lives in total eclipse) find themselves with a London house on their hands; Lucia sees her opportunity to rise above her rural triumphs in Riseholme and share space in the newspapers with Duchesses and (God being good) a Princess or two. Lucia plays London conquests against Riseholme victories; both places apprehensively watch her progress and suffer from her manipulations. She is a notable character as Mr. Benson draws her, for she possesses the blindness, the singleness of purpose, the unscrupulous egoism, and the force of the great mischief-makers. Given a place in a novel of unusual stature, she might well live as long as Pamela or Becky Sharp. Even in her present situation she is well worth knowing.

We also meet Georgie Pillson; he is a handmaiden of Lucia's in Riseholme, an individual born to say "yes," and altogether too much of a perfect lady for us to feel comfortable in his presence. Then there is Stephen Merriall, another perfect lady; this one writes, over the signature of Hermione, a sweet column of daily gossip about Mayfair. There are two choruses to this main trio: the first is made up of the rustics and semi-rustics of Riseholme, whose general methods and manners remind us of George A. Birmingham's amiable Irish rascals; the other is a slightly caricatured London high life. Both contain grotesques and drolls, and little of common humanity. As a result of Mr. Benson's taste in character, the novel becomes partly satirical, partly farcical, and never wholly sure of itself or its progress towards a goal.

We are unable to give "Lucia in London" high praise. The plot, largely episodic, lacks continuity and logical development; therefore the success of the novel depends entirely upon character and local color. Although it is only in the central character that we have real vitality, the strength in that place is sufficiently pronounced to be memorable. If only Lucia had been placed in a novel conceived and carried out in her own grand manner! Then we should have had something worth shouting about.

THE BETTER COUNTRY. By DALLAS LORE SHARP. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $3.

The Professor and his wife were fifty, their children grown up and departed. It looked as if all the adventurous part of life were over. There seemed to be nothing ahead but familiar things and then the slow slide downhill, and they did not like the outlook. But perhaps it was not so necessary. Perhaps there was a "Better Country." The far West and Santa Barbara sounded like that. Therefore they broke away and motored across the continent. The story of it is entertaining, for both Professor and wife are people of character and wit. The ultimate morals are two: First, that it was well worth while, and every couple at a similar critical point had better try something of the kind; second, that your Santa Barbara, your "Better Country," will not be better for you, because it will not be yours.

FAÇADE. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. McBride. 1928. $2.50.

Remembered as the author of that singularly pleasant tale of a few seasons ago called "Cuckoo," Mr. Goldring has attempted more serious things in his new book. A satirical novel of literary London, "Façade" deals, never too brilliantly, with the manners and morals of a little group of minor poets and playwrights. But one of this group appears to have any reality, or any thought for things outside his own petty ambition. Yet he finds himself contributing first his fame and then his wife to a clever colleague, and in the end takes himself off to a sort of Scandinavian writer's paradise, where his true genius is at last free to create a few great poems before his death. The history depends, as a whole, on those commonplaces of the popular belief in the creative artist, who must be purged by suffering before he can produce lasting work.

Disregarding the doubtful truth of the idea itself, Mr. Goldring's demonstration of it is far from convincing. The literary dinners are sufficiently awful, and the caricatures of British critics and editors entertaining enough to lend a certain vivacity to the earlier portion of the story. But we are then asked to believe that an author of power and promise, having written a good play, would permit a scheming literary hack with social ambitions to produce it as his own work, letting him take all the credit, financial and critical, for it. And why? There is no explanation offered, save that the man asked him for it. Later the same man takes our hero's wife in similar fashion, and our hero obligingly removes to Sweden. One may doubt that even an author, notoriously generous as the tribe is, would follow the biblical injunction so completely. Mr. Goldring is not at his best writing of these people, either. His book lacks both indignation and humor.

KARIN'S MOTHER. By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. Payson & Clarke. 1928. $2.

This is a thin story about people in an interesting situation—two German children and their American mother living and working in post-war Germany which is torn by the animosities of the royalists and the socialists. These irreconcilable animosities strike into the family life depicted in this novel.

The story might be good if it were not so badly written. One tires of Miss Goldsmith's method of having the facts which the reader must know related in the words which the characters think to themselves, or through the things they chance to remember during the action of the novel. The presence of a style strong enough to carry this method is lacking. The conversation is inconceivable.

One very real thing exists in this book. It is the inevitable unequalness of sharing which attends the relationship of a mother and daughter who are one another's best friends. The daughter can share her inmost experiences, almost her entire life with her mother. The mother can never experience so complete a *soulagement.*

MODERN LOVE. By H. W. YOXALL. Washburn. 1928. $2.

This is a novel in the Henry James tradition, which is to say that its main concern is with international relations rather than with realistic, *genre* subjects. An American girl of comparative education and wealth marries an Englishman and returns with him to his London and his friends. The subtle interplay of emotions and reactions flashing throughout the group, and the counterpoint of conflicting manners, heredity, and tradition, are the vibrant notes with which Mr. Yoxhall builds his themes.

The author is a young Englishman who has lived in America long enough to write intelligently about it. His manner is sophisticated and his treatment introspective. Thoroughly modern in psycho-analytical, sixth-sense, observations, he has chronicled an international marriage situation, its intrigues and ambuscades, with suave brilliance.

LOVE AND THE LADIES. By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT. Appleton. 1928. $2.

The author of "Molly Make-Believe" has very appropriately called her latest book, "Love and the Ladies," since these are now, and have for long been, her favorite subjects. This collection of tales contains five short stories, and, as the old gray-covered, red-hearted *Smart Set* used to say, one complete novelette. This latter, "The Other Jasper," has a typical little Abbott heroine, looking like a child, acting like an elf, and turning out to be a wee man, of only eighteen, however. The first Jasper is a patriarchal dog for whose comfort his little mistress sacrifices an opportunity "to see Europe with the eyes of youth" and stays at home alone. The other Jasper is a wealthy, handsome, and witty young man who brings dog collars and adventures and, of course, love, to the stay-at-home. They talk and gurgle and chuckle and kiss as lightly, as whimsically, as do all of Eleanor Hollowell Abbott's young lovers.

These can surely maintain their balance on the slim edge of a situation, without falling in, longer than any other characters in fiction. Give them the merest suggestion of a plot and they can coquette with it for pages without the slightest sign of effort. "Thursday's Swan Had a Crumpled Wing" has more substance than any of the other stories; here the bright dragon-flies of the author's style seem to be darting above some real depth that can be just glimpsed between their wings. So often there is nothing behind their bright iridescence, but always

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GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE. Herself and Her book. By MARIEL BRADY. Appleton. 1928. $2.

It has been a long time since serious little Emmy Lou set out for that astonishing terra incognita which so soon became merely "school." Many have come after her, but they have never had her sweetness or her slowness. They have been quick, clever little creatures putting other children to shame, or they have been, even worse, smug infants full and overflowing with recipes for happiness. "Genevieve Gertrude" is advertised as a book for those "from nine to ninety," but it seems probable that it will appeal less to young people than to old, as it depends for its humor on child psychology as viewed from an adult standpoint. Genevieve Gertrude has red hair and a vocabulary. She comes from New York and enters a small-town school in New England. Her exploits are numerous and varied, ranging from match-making and healing family feuds to preventing the theft of valuable paintings and to abstracting liquor from under the very nose of an arduous dry. But what would Emmy Lou have thought of a little girl who said "Hell" and "Damn" and had theories about marriage?

GARDE A VOUS! (On Guard!) By J. D. NEWSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Since this is a novel depicting units of the French Foreign Legion on active service in northern Africa, the book, because so many others have dealt with the same subject, seems to lack originality and grip. All the old stuff (Shades of "Beau Geste" and a host more!) about Legion heroics, privations, perils, and iron discipline is dragged in; there are the usual fights amongst the soldiers themselves and with ferocious Arab rebels; there is again the siege of the outpost fort defended by a company of the immortals against an overwhelming force of tribesmen. The chief characters are a disillusioned American private, his buddy, a little Cockney, and their common enemy, a hulking French sergeant, who turns coward and traitor in the pinch. However, if one has not been fed up with Legion fiction, the book should offer fairly good diversion.

THE SHORES OF ROMANCE. By GEORGE GIBBS. Appleton. 1928. $2.

New Orleans in the last days of the War of 1812 is the scene of this romance, in which an American naval lieutenant, a fair Creole patriot, and Jean Lafitte, the French pirate chief (an actual figure of the time), play the leading parts. The story ends with Jackson's victory over the British, a battle wherein Lafitte and his thousand ruffians gained amnesty for their past crimes by fighting against the invaders. Though adorned by picturesque descriptive color and not ill-written, the book can scarcely be ranked among the author's best in historical vein.

THE BURYING ROAD. By Mary Wiltshire. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

From the little English village of Cannings, with its hedgerows and thatched cottages, to the highway beyond ran an ancient road, called the burying road, although along its patient length other processions went, merrier ones of bridal. Mary Wiltshire has chosen this road for some of the most dramatic incidents in her novel and so has let it provide the title. To Cannings came a young new vicar, causing the usual flurries in the feminine circles of the congregation. He was handsome, intelligent, kindly, and marriageable. Two women come into emotional relationships with him: first, a simple young country girl whom he mildly loves and thinks of making his wife; and then an exotic married woman from a more sophisticated environment. The temptress is one of those women who continue to live with men they despise and consider the fact a sufficient reason for insulting their husbands, and anyone else at hand, because they "suffer." The vicar plays with fire with a good deal of dexterity without really singeing himself, but the parish, as a parish, goes to rack and ruin. Just after, at great pain to himself, he has decided to sacrifice his profane love to duty. Providence renders his decision both final and unnecessary by the death of the lady.

In the simple routine of parish life and in the character sketches of these rather ordinary people the author has done very well. This part of the book has a simple, slow-moving reality. But when drama and temptation and wickedness enter in, there is less to be said for it.

SMILEY'S HAVEN. By BLANCHE CROZIER. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.50.

A somewhat tame, tedious, and long drawn-out novel of domestic life on an isle of the British West Indies, this book is not the thing for those who demand liveliness of action in their fiction. Smiley arrives at the island alone, floating picturesquely ashore on a lacquered bedstead, after being shipwrecked in the Atlantic. He is one of these quaint, whimsical, unworldly fellows whom authors usually name Peter, and soon so endears himself to several of the islanders that Alicia Winwood, menaced by spinsterhood, accepts him as a husband. The rest of the story is the dull, but capably written, narrative of their wedded existence, of Smiley's career as a small breadwinner, of his relations to his kin-in-law, of his son's and daughter's growth to early maturity.

UNTIL THE DAY-BREAK. By MERCEDES DE ACOSTA. Longmans, Green. 1928. $2.

This is an absorbing and vivid story and therefore occasional crudities of sentence structure can be forgiven and are forgotten for the reader's attention is given over to feeling the struggles of the personalities in the book. The plot is highly original, though it arises from the trite situation of a girl who longs for freedom, but is bound by a conventional and stupid society life. She frees herself, and then begin her travels to France and Spain, her unusual contacts, her struggles and sacrifices for the art she desires to create, and the strangely doomed love between herself and the man called Raphael. His life story, which is related at a point of high tension in the novel, explains the mystery of his amazing individuality and uncontrollably affects the life of the heroine.

OLD SWORDS. By VAL GIELGUD. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

The prologue of this sombre and violent adventure story plays during the Polish insurrection of 1863, when old Stanislas Konski, a rebel noble, dies for the cause of liberation. He leaves an orphaned son and daughter, whose respective grandsons, one an Anglo-Pole, the other a Russo-Pole, meet for the first time in 1920, both as officers defending their hereditary soil against the advance of the Soviet armies. The elder of these cousins, Michael, he of the Russian strain, a double-dealing and villainous savage, commands a numerous troop of White outlaws whom he quarters at his ancestral domain, Castle Konski, overlooking the River Neiman. His more gentle and upright kinsman, Capt. Sale, opposes this barbarian's evil plans in a series of gory events which ends in a veritable shambles. The story is not unskilfully written, though too much description is given to the rounds of furious conflict.

PEACOCKS. By VENNETTE HERRON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

Miss Herron has obviously had personal experience of the tropics; her stories of Java are almost too full of exotic local color to be valuable in themselves, as narratives. Her writing is varied and experimental, the style and method of approaching the subject differing with almost every story. In "Life" and in the title story, "Peacocks," she is successful in capturing something of the tense, unpleasant atmosphere which in "The Aromatic Serenade" and many of the other pieces she forces to a ridiculous extent. There is considerable interest in her book, an ingenuity in building up situations without using direct description, and above all a richness of material excusing many faults, but she has not yet settled quite what she wishes to do with this richness. The carefully achieved tension is shattered too often by some over-emotional phrase or a bit of the deliberately picturesque which is fatal to all that has gone before.

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN. By A. MERRITT. Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

A cross between Sax Rohmer and the Hugh Walpole of red-haired portrait fame, Mr. Merritt has done, very powerfully, another mystery thriller. He has a remarkable facility for drawing the most outlandish, Dracula-like things with such perfect *savoir faire* that one accepts them as the perfectly normal, as mosaics of realism.

Satan is the name of a weird, hypnotic individual, wealthy and powerful, who kidnaps James Kirkham, a young explorer. For a year he functions in Satan's service, intertwining his paths with those of New York society. Obviously he falls in love with a girl in Satan's power, baffles the powers that be, and virtue triumphs, etc.

(Continued on page 809)

Just Published

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Making Them

By LOUISE SEAMAN
The Macmillan Co.

A REGULAR part of our office mail now reads thus: "Our class is studying bookmaking. Will you please send us any extra jackets, endpapers, proofs, and pictures of bookmaking that you can spare?" "Our library is planning a display of good bookmaking. Can you lend us different kinds of plates, galleys and page proofs, unbound signatures, etc., to help explain this?" Lucky firms have movies of the whole thing to send around. Even so, people still want the things themselves, paper and plates, to handle.

This interest in the physical aspect of the book is increased by the large number of schools owning presses which the children run, and by the sense of bookmaking brought into many reports and notebooks by clever teachers. Children have always loved to make their own books, from scrap books up to their first novels. Now they are learning to bind and illustrate them. So while their elders are joining first edition clubs and spending more than ever before on *de luxe* printing, up in the playroom, bookmaking has its own place.

At the same time, in publishing, a fresh wind has blown across the old fields. It is no longer supposed that the old picture galleries of Rackham, Dulac, Wyeth, Parrish, beautiful as they were and are, are the limit of "gift books." It is no longer taken for granted that series of paper books in boxes, with pictures that all look like the Lux soap advertisements, competent and charming as they may be, are the end of cheap bookmaking.

On last year's lists, such varied and wholly "adult" artists as these were found in the boys' and girls' sections: Boardman Robinson, Peggy Bacon, T. Nadejen, Paul Honoré, Boris Artzybasheff, Leon Underwood, William Nicholson, Best-Maugard, Frank Macintosh, Frank Dobias, and James Daugherty. Also, books were printed for American children, from original plates, with English text, in Sweden, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, and France. Translations were brought from Switzerland, Persia, Denmark, and Finland in addition.

The traditional older boys' and girls' adventure story at one seventy-five or two dollars blossomed out with "make-up" (not just a frontispiece) by Mahlon Blaine, Langdon Kihn, Henry Pitz, Elizabeth Mackinstry, Hevig Collin. There actually have been two imaginative books with beautiful type make-up and without any pictures—little Barbara Follett's and "Gold's Gloom." Let us be grateful! And Best-Maugard, the author of "A Method for Creative Design," applied his method to a pleasant, inexpensive children's book.

All these are healthy signs. It is only by much wider experiment with artists and authors, sizes and shapes, bindings and prices, that we can find out what good books mean for children—or for anybody.

It had seemed as though the Graphic Arts Exhibit of the fifty best illustrated "trade" books of the year would be a good focus for an article on bookmaking. Its catalogue was promising. Here was a wider variety of choice than ever before, a most intelligent introduction on the function of illustrating. "The best of modern artists who have illustrated books have had better taste than to invade the author's show with a literal illustration of his text." (Making an exception of realistic and practical books.) But this exhibit in itself was of little use to any bookmaker. The books were locked in cases. Thus only two pages could be seen. One could learn nothing of the bookmaking, inside out. The placards bore most puzzling definitions: color lithography; woodcuts; color line engravings, etc. In several cases these were quite wrong In any case, to the young artist they were insufficient. He wanted to know what sort of originals had to be handed in, and what the process was. For instance, under the little fifty cent "Jack and the Bean Stalk," it said, "color line engravings." Here originals in black were sent for blue prints, then returned for color, and the whole printed by photolitho, on rubber presses. And surely any young artist would be interested in the difference between one series and evidently the same process in huge quantity, between the muddy results given to Tenggren's delicate color work, and Douglas Grant's almost sculptural effect of brilliant flat color. Size of originals and number of screen used must have had a great deal to do with it. Etc., etc.

So we will leave the Graphic Arts with a bow, return to the publisher's office, and digress a bit. Why make children's books? After the babies, are there any more children? Must there be stepping-stones to the higher things of adult art and literature?

I think American education and literature would have to be surveyed for the answer. Do you recall that excellent treatise "How a French Boy Learns French"? Well, before his teens he is studying Racine, Molière, Rousseau, Voltaire. He learns by heart and imitates the style of great French historians. We are not so sure of our standard. Our faith in Shakespeare as shaping a modern style has wavered. The daily paper does more than any school reader, with its pages from this and pages from that, to influence the vocabulary and grammar. The days of "diagraming" the "Stag at Eve" may have passed. Instead there are long years of elementary schools where the "required reading" is from library lists decidedly on the "juvenile" side.

The great bulk of these books are there because the children like them. But they like them after they have been passed and approved by adults. The publisher knows this. The child he was, the child he would like to be again, the board of education member, the librarian, the book merchandiser, the bookseller on the floor—ghosts of all these are beside the publisher as he chooses and proceeds to make a "children's book." And because all these have stood between, he is hardly ever satisfied with any voting done by the children themselves. It is adults, who have enjoyed certain books as children, who keep books alive by passing them on, with their own enthusiasm, to their own children. So there will always be a new picture interpretation for the new age to enjoy with its new copies of Swift, Bunyan, Defoe, George MacDonald, Melville, Scott, Dumas, Dickens, Homer, Herodotus, Longfellow. Some illustrators have even dared to defy the ghosts of Tenniel and Edward Lear.

But there are quantities of children in homes without these enforced enthusiasms, who read quantities of other sorts of things. Their voices speak loudly in the long life of all the famous girls' series, boys' series, twins' series, bed time story series. These did not ruin the literary career of Mr. Littell, according to his charming confession in the *New Republic*. They do not seem to be undermining the morals of young Finney Blake, in the New Yorker. My own guess is that they will soon be laughed out of existence by just such youngsters as Heywood third, with his *Evening Graphic*. The obtrusive availability of such so-called adult newsstand matter will make them too pale. Remember Skippy and the Bed Time Lady?—"Blah!"

Of course, there will be children's books always, partly because adult books are not interesting enough. And, so of course, a great many books called "children's" belong equally to grown-ups, and the really good ones are masterpieces which one can still smile or weep over at any age. And present arrangements of school and library buying stimulate the demand for such a field of bookmaking, even though many such books never sprang as creative notions to the minds of present day authors and artists. Adults and children are equally glad that "Alice" and "The Just-So Stories" and "Little Black Sambo" and "Some butter for the royal slice of bread" came to be.

While the publisher is growling over the mixture of standards and lack of literary and artistic tradition, and the impossibility of defining a child, let us give him a few more worries. "Why aren't children's books cheaper?" Cheaper than novels, for instance? Because we want to make them beautiful, to suggest some of the strange beauty that is not in newspapers and school books, put it down vividly, carry a new rhythm and color along with the words. We do this, generally, at the same price as a novel, around two dollars. You can buy lots of cheap children's books at less, in reprints and other cheap editions, but they will look cheap.

"Why not make such interesting artistic books as they make abroad?" One answer, I think we do. Another, these books translated into American labor and quantity prices, are not cheap. Another, some of these books have been made for you in Europe with English texts. The ones nearest to your own traditions you have bought widely. The strangest and most interesting have not yet been successful.

The influence of foreign bookmaking on America has been very great since the war. Even without it, however, American bookmakers would be forced to be inventive, because anyone's success is so quickly copied by everyone else. Following the Milne and Shepherd success, came at least a dozen books of verse and pictures so much like theirs in general arrangement that one is actually embarrassed by them. The publisher is pulled two ways: (1) What succeeded once will go again, so you have a Wizard of Oz series. (2) Let's make something absolutely different from anyone else's, so you have a Nonesuch Press "Mr. Tootleoo."

The regular book publisher who has a department of children's books, has his most strenuous competition in two places: (1) The publishers who do only children's books. These have been the last, for some strange reason, to bring any sort of educational or specialized motivation, any modern variety of text or art work into their offices. Having wide markets already established, their editions are large and they can afford more showy expenditure on a first edition. They are not supported widely by schools and libraries, but evidently they do not need that support. In the bookshop they frequently win out. (2) The subscription set houses. I hope this Bookshop will survey these sets later. Questions as to their value arise in every suburban club meeting. My own feeling is that when children are being given volumes of selections, and collections of stories, in school as a chief diet, their home reading ought to be something *whole*, demanding continued attention, and shaping their literary taste more definitely than these re-edited and re-told series generally do. If these collections sell because parents like to do all their buying at one time, any publisher, or librarian, or teacher, could make up equally expensive library shelves-full, from lists of good books. Booksellers, including publishers, ought to be more clever at taking advantage of this tendency in buying.

All this may seem to ramble far from the title. It tries to explain why books come to be made as they do, beyond the superficial choice of paper and ink and cloth. We must first grant a book idea that is really alive, literarily and artistically, so alive that the publisher feels that a real child will not leave it on the bookshelf, and an adult also will admit that it is worth his attention. Then comes the crucial moment when the publisher guesses at the size of his first edition, and thereby conditions what can go into the book relative to the price. Pitiful calls from editorial desks to manufacturing department. "If we leave out two color plates, and keep the endpaper plain, will it save five cents?" Heated arguments with the sales department on such subjects as: "Can you sell another thousand of this before Christmas if it's kept at one seventy-five and a twelve mo?" But Mr. Follett has invoked sufficient pity for the publisher in these columns recently. No more intimate agonies need be divulged. Our publishers live in the hope that within another decade, progressive education with its motto of learning by research will let us hear so loudly the voice of the real person who is still under twelve years old, that this matter of children's bookmaking may again be revolutionized.

(The cuts used to decorate this article are taken from Macmillan books).

Drama for the Young

CHILDREN'S THEATRES AND PLAYS. By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by JACK CRAWFORD
Yale University

THE number of books about the theatre continue to pour from the presses in an uninterrupted stream. Never was there a period in the history of the drama when the theatre was so bethumped with words. This literature has invaded education at all levels. High school teachers lecture young hopefuls on the use of "spot-lights" and on the superiority of what are usually called "drapes" (ghastly word) to "flats." Our language grows more and more technical as we "teach" the stage, and universities hold solemn conclaves on "how to put on plays." It is amazing the fascination that experimenting with the technicalities of scenery and lighting has for a considerable number of persons in this country who have no connection with the theatrical profession. We seem to be more concerned with these practical details than with the drama as literature.

But as long as we are to run mad in white satin over our stage, it is only fair to take the children with us. Children, time out of mind, have been those who most appreciate play-acting. They make the most satisfactory of all audiences when the right play has been found for them. One had rather hear the laughter of a theatre full of children than read the reviews of the most judicious critics.

It is therefore right and proper that children should have a book about their theatre, even though the book is intended to tell the grown-ups what has been and what might be done by a stage planned for children. It is a thoroughly comprehensive survey of the subject by an author who has had experience in all kinds of efforts to make amateur dramatics endurable.

Possibly readers of this book need a word of caution that would be an impertinence to offer the writer of it. First of all, children must get fun out of any performance in which they appear as actors, for nothing is art that is not enjoyable in the doing. Theories, didactic reasons, and all the other disguises which the English-speaking race employ to excuse themselves for venturing to have a good time, should not be allowed to mar the pleasure of children in acting plays. Do not make helpless children act simply for the educational or "moral values" of the story in which they appear. Take every care to see that their plays, as far as costumes, scenery, and stage accessories go, are as beautiful as the directors know how to make them. Last of all, do not overlook literature in choosing children's plays. The old fairy stories, myths, and legends are much better sources than sentimental plots about how little Sally brought sunshine into Paradise Alley It is difficult to find good children's plays, and there's the rub with the whole little theatre movement, adult and infantile alike. We have been developing scenery and lighting and forgetting what the scenery is for, or what the lights are to illumine. The children themselves will do fairly well with suggestions for the kind of play they like. Let their theatre therefore be for them, and not a medium for displaying Miss So-and-So's skill as a teacher of voice-production or the moral lesson of "drapes." A children's theatre by all means—but let it be for children.

A Suggestion

Children are very skeptical about books bought in cold blood (not as presents to please), suspecting them of being educational. Put new books in their attractive jackets on the shelves without comment. They are back in use on the library table (or stuffed in armchair corners) before one can turn around.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 807*)

War Drums. By *Herbert Ravenel Sass.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
To Kiss the Crocodile. By *Ernest Milton.* Harpers. $2.50.
Don Careless. By *Rex Beach.* Harpers. $2.
The Key of Life. By *Francis Brett Young.* Knopf. $2.50.
Children and Fools. By *Thomas Mann.* Knopf. $2.50.
Sulamith. By *Alexandre Kuprin.* Privately printed for subscribers.
Carnack—The Life-Bringer. By *Oliver Marble Gale.* Wise. $3 net.
The Marsh Arab. By *Fulanain.* Lippincott. $3.
Daughters of India. By *Margaret Wilson.* Harpers. $2.
Up Eel River. By *Margaret Prescott Montague.* Macmillan. $2.50.
The Sun Hawk. By *Robert W. Chambers.* Appleton. $2.
The Adventures of Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass. By *Mark Twain.* Edited by Charles Honce. Covici.
Cotton. By *Jack Bethea.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Strangers and Lovers. By *Edwin Granberry.* Macaulay. $2.
Treasure. By *Gordon Young.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
A Life For Sale. By *Sydney Horler.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
Fair Winds in the Far Baltic. By *Alfred F. Loomis.* Washburn.
The Virgin Queene. By *Harford Powel, Jr.* Little Brown. $2 net.
The King of the Trail. By *Emma Turner Blake.* Washburn. $1.75.
Dew of the Sea. By *Horace Annesley Vachell.* Putnam. $2.
The Stranger at the Feast. By *George Agnew Chamberlain.* Putnam. $2.
Daughters of Folly. By *Cosmo Hamilton.* Putnam. $2.

International

A PAGEANT OF INDIA. By Adolf Waley. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $6.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, as this is not a spectacular account of the external pomp and spectacular magnificence of the land, but an unusually skilful condensation of the whole history of the country from the Aryan invasion to the death of Aurangzeb, the last of the Great Moghuls, the emperor whose unwise measures caused the disruption of India and made possible the British conquest. While historical continuity is always maintained, and accounts are given of the fortunes of the various states, the dryness of most condensations is avoided by the clever description of the careers of the great rulers of India, often from contemporary sources and in some cases from their own writings and diaries. Many of the chapters are as vividly interesting as a novel.

More than half the space is devoted to the romantic story of Babur, the descendant of Ghenghis Khan and of Timur the Lame, and his five successors, who ruled from 1524 to 1707 over one of the greatest and most magnificent realms the world has ever seen. We see the conflicts of great military states, the struggles of fanatical religions, the impact of hostile cultures, and the characters of the emperors, their rebellious sons, their generals and viziers more vividly than the newspapers of today depict a similar clash of social and economic systems in China and the rest of Asia today. The portrayal of character often shows real dramatic ability. This is particularly true of Akbar and of Jehangir and the Empress Nur Jehan. Akbar has a special appeal to us today through his tolerance, his search for religious truths, and his efforts for the genuine welfare of his people, which is not common among Oriental sovereigns.

Some may regret that more extended treatment was not given to the influence of the Buddhist and Hindu religions, to Asoka, who played in Buddhism the rôle assumed by Constantine for Christianity, and to the influence of Greek art and culture on India and the reciprocal effect on the Occident of the influx of Oriental ideas which resulted from the conquests of Alexander. No mention is made of the underlying purpose of the Macedonian kings of reopening the trade routes, closed as war measures by the Persian monarchs.

There is a tendency to dwell too much on wars, instead of following the modern method of explaining the social and economic conditions and the life of the masses, which must inevitably in the long run dominate the history of every state. Nevertheless, the work of selection of material has been performed admirably, and an adequate and reliable picture is given of a relatively unknown portion of the history of mankind.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW. By *Philip Gibbs.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

JAPAN IN THE WORLD OF TO-DAY. By *Arthur J. Brown.* Revell. $3.75.

THE NETHERLANDS AND THE WORLD WAR. Vol. II. Yale University Press. $5.

THE ECONOMIC POLICY OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY DURING THE WORLD WAR. By *Gustav Gratz* and *Richard Schüler.* Translated by W. Alison Phillips. Yale University Press. $3.50.

IMPERALISM AND CIVILIZATION. By *Leonard Woolf.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

EDUCATION FOR TOLERANCE. By *John E. J. Fanshawe.* Independent Education, 267 West 17th Street, New York City.

AMERICA AND THE NEW POLAND. By *H. H. Fisher.* Macmillan. $3.50.

JUSTICE AND JUDAISM. By *Maxwell Silver.* Bloch.

ALBYN OR SCOTLAND AND THE FUTURE. By *C. M. Grieve.* Dutton. $1.

CALEDONIA OR THE FUTURE OF THE SCOTS. By *George Malcolm Thomson.* Dutton. $1.

APELLA OR THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS. By a Quarterly Reviewer. Dutton. $1.

RUSSIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT SINCE THE REVOLUTION. By *Maurice Dobb.* Dutton. $5.

NATIONALISM A CAUSE OF ANTI-SEMITISM. By *Samuel Blitz.* Bloch. $2.

SHAKESPEARE: TRUTH AND TRADITION. By *John S. Smart.* Longmans, Green.

Juvenile

(*For Children's Bookshop see page* 808)

GIVE A BOY LUCK. By *Elwood F. Pierce.* Duffield. $1.75 net.

CAMP CONQUEROR. By *Ethel Hume Bennett.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

STICKLAYING. By *Isobel N. James.* Oxford University Press. $2.

MATU THE IROQUOIS. By *E. G. Cheyney.* Little, Brown. **$2 net.**

CHICO THE CIRCUS CHERUB. By *Stella Burke May.* Appleton. $2.

TAFTOO THE CLOWN. By *Howard R. Garis.* Appleton. $2.

CHUCK RYAN LOGGER. By *Frank Richardson Pierce.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE LORD'S MINSTREL. By *Caroline M. Duncan Jones.* Appleton. $2.50.

FOUR BEDROOMS. By *Nevile Wilkinson.* Oxford. 75 **cents.**

THREE BOYS IN ALASKA. By *Everett T. Tomlinson.* Appleton. $1.75.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1928.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Saturday Review Co., Inc.*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review Company, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Stockholders are as follows: William R. Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York City; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of April, 1928. Charles B. Frasca, Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 275, New York Register's No. 9121.
(My commission expires March 30, 1929).

Miscellaneous

GREAT DETECTIVES AND THEIR METHODS. By GEORGE DILNOT. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $4.

"As a class detectives do not, as might be hastily assumed, become hardened and callous by their profession," Mr. Dilnot writes. No? Then neither do judges, bill collectors, reporters, dentists, loan-shop keepers, nor hangmen. One pities those who don't!

"Only two things are certain about the real detective. He is as unlike Sherlock Holmes as he is different from the square-toed clodhoppers displayed on the stage, on the screen, and in books." Thereafter Mr. Dilnot exhibits a flock of "real detectives" unlike anything except Horatio Alger heroes who had turned to thief-catching instead of commerce. Some of these gentlemen may actually have been as stodgy as herein shown, but all couldn't have been, not even all the British ones.

Mr. Dilnot's insistence that the story-books are wrong, that life's detectives are more impossibly wooden than fiction's, ties together twenty-two chapters packed with anecdotes of detection, stories of crime and its solution. Not even the stuffed figures with which the author populates them can prevent their being interesting, their fulfilling the jacket's promise of "fascinating information and exciting stories."

A CONCORDANCE TO THE ENGLISH POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Compiled by CAMERON MANN. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

To prove the usefulness of such a concordance, the student might well compare Herbert's use of words like *bias*, *grain*, or *aspect* with Shakespeare's and Milton's. Many more such comparisons might profitably be made were there only available concordances to the poetry of Donne and Vaughan. Diction alone would reveal much concerning their special interests and range of thought. But Bishop Mann would now render us still greater service by making a close study of those words, like *distinguished* in the beautiful poem, "Man," that Herbert employs in a sense unusual to-day.

THE HITCHCOCK EDITION OF THE SPORTING WORKS OF SOMERVILLE AND ROSS. New York: The Derrydale Press. 1927. 7 Vols. $50.

It does not seem so very long ago to most of us, that we were chuckling over the "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.", and seizing eagerly upon "Some Further Experiences of an Irish R. M." Appreciation of these delightful sketches was by no means confined to those of sporting tastes. Anyone with a sense of humor and sympathy for that peculiar brand which seems to thrive best in the Emerald Isle can enjoy them. But lovers of sporting literature have taken Somerville and Ross stories especially to their hearts and have endorsed them as classics of the hunting field.

The fact that this important edition is entitled the "Sporting Works of Somerville and Ross" places these delightful writers with Surtees and Whyte-Melville. Their humor, however, is much more subtle than that of the author of "Jorrocks" and far more abundant than that of Whyte-Melville. The quaint Irish idioms, the quick wit, and the clever characterization—all these things skilfully depicted against a background only possible in "the most distressful Isle," with perhaps just a hint of the undercurrent of pathos which always attends the purest humor—of such delicate materials are the stories and sketches which constitute this series woven. There are, however, very few pages upon which the sport of fox hunting is not the most prominent feature, and that the sport is authentic may be taken for granted. Miss E. O'E. Somerville, who with her cousin the late Violet Martin ("Martin Ross") was responsible for them, was for many seasons Master of the West Carbery Foxhounds and one does not have to read far into "Irish Memories," the book of autobiographical sketches included in this series, to realize how accurately the collaborators depicted the life which surrounds them. Although, with the exception of Dan Russell the Fox, the Somerville and Ross volumes consist almost entirely of sketches, they are strung together with some semblance of a sequence and the same delightful characters are to be met with in almost any one of them.

THE CIPHER OF ROGER BACON. By *William Romaine Newbold.* Edited by *Roland Grubb Kent.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.

CHILDBIRTH. By *William G. Lee.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

HOW TO COOK FOR CHILDREN. By *Estelle M. Reilly.* Putnam.

A COMMENTARY ON PLATO'S TIMAEUS. By *A. E. Taylor.* Oxford University Press. $14.

THE STORY OF HAIR. By *Charles Nessler.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

DRAGONS AND DRAGON LORE. By *Ernest Ingersoll.* Payson & Clarke. $3.50.

FIVE MURDERS. By *Edmund Pearson.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

SOME LESSONS FROM OUR LEGAL HISTORY. By *William Searle Holdsworth.* Macmillan. $2.

MRS. POTTLETON'S BRIDGE PARTIES. By *Hugh Tuite.* Simon & Schuster.

THE EVOLUTION OF TROUT AND TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA. By *Charles Zibeon Southard.* Dutton. $10.

TOWN AND COUNTRY. By *Elva E. Miller.* University of North Carolina Press. $2.

TRUSTEES OF LIBERTY. By *James W. G. Walker.* New York: Neale.

FASHION DRAWING AND DRESS DESIGN. By *Mabel L. Hall.* Pitman. $2.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK. 1927. Edited by *Albert Bushnell Hart* and *William M. Schuyler.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

EVERYBODY'S AVIATION GUIDE. By *Major Victor W. Page.* Henley. $2.

LUCULLUS OR THE FOOD OF THE FUTURE. By *Olga Hartley* and *Mrs. C. F. Leyel.* Dutton. $1.

DELPHOS, OR THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE. By *E. Sylvia Pankhurst.* Dutton. $1.

RUSTICUS OR THE FUTURE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. By *Martin S. Briggs.* Dutton. $1.

BACCHUS OR THE WINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW. By *P. Morton Shand.* Dutton. $1.

PARAPHS. By *Hermann Püterschein.* Knopf.

THE MODERN CAT. By *Georgia Stickland Gates.* Macmillan. $2.

SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK. By *Vernon Howe Bailey.* Rudge. $15.

BIRTH CONTROL AND EUGENICS. By *Charles P. Bruehl.* New York: Wagner. $2.50 net.

THE SIMPLE STORY OF MUSIC. By *Charles D. Isaacson.* Macy-Masius. $3.

THE INNS OF GREECE AND ROME. By *W. C. Firebaugh.* Covici. $5.

POWER CONTROL. By *H. S. Ransenbush* and *Harry W. Laidler.* New Republic.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. American Supplement. Edited by *Waldo Selden Pratt* and *Charles N. Boyd.* Macmillan. $6.

ARCHON OR THE FUTURE OF GOVERNMENT. By *Hamilton Fyfe.* Dutton. $1.

Poetry

ROMANCE LIKE THIS. By *Goldie Becker.* Henry Harison. $1.50.

THE KING OF SPAIN AND OTHER POEMS. By *Maxwell Bodenheim.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE JOY RIDE. By *Warren Gilbert.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

JEALOUS OF DEAD LEAVES. By *Shaemas O'Sheel.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL. By *Daisy Bell Churchware.* Privately published.

CORN SILKS AND COTTON BLOSSOMS. By *Whitney Montgomery.* Dallas, Texas: Turner.

RECENT WAR LYRICS. By *Leona Whitworth Logue.* New York: Grafton Press.

COSMOGONY. By *Edwin Thomas Whiffin.* New York: Neale.

THE VICTORIOUS GOODNESS. By *Charles F. Dole.* New York: Neale.

OUTCROP. By *Abbie Huston Evans.* Harpers. $2.

IMPOSSIBLE MELODIES. By *Caresse Crosby.* Paris: Narcisse.

SONGS OF INFANCY. By *Mary Britton Miller.* Macmillan. $1.75.

HEARTSEASE HYMNS. By *William P. McKenzie.* Cambridge, Mass: Cambridge Tribune Press.

THE SEA AND APRIL. By *John Richard Moreland.* New York: White.

CORN SILK AND COTTON BLOSSOMS. By *Whitney Montgomery.* Turner. $1.25.

HEAVENLY BODIES. By *Oliver Jenkins.* Covici. $2.

Religion

THE CONVERSATIONS AT MALINES, 1921-1925. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

SEQUENCE. By *Harriette S. Clark.* Harriette S. Clark, 115 West 73rd Street, New York City.

RELIGIOUS CONVERSION. By *Sante de Sanctis.* Harcourt, Brace. $4.

PRAYERS. By *Samuel McCord Crothers.* Beacon Press. $1.

STUDIES IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY. Edited by *Sherley Jackson Case.* Century. $4.50.

Travel

A GLOBE-GADDER'S DIARY. By *Ralph Parlette.* Chicago: Parlette-Padget. $5.

IN SEARCH OF ENGLAND. By *H. V. Morton.* McBride. $3 net.

TAMBO. By *James Jenkins.* McBride.

TRAVELLING LIGHT. By *M. H. Harrigan.* Brentanos. $2.

IRELAND. By *Stephen Gwynn.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE ITALIAN RIVIERA. By *Bohun Lynch.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

NEW YORK. By *"Quex."* McKay. $1.50 net.

SPAIN FROM THE SOUTH. By *J. B. Trend.* Knopf. $5.

AMERICAN TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS. By *Frederick L. Collins.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

SHOP TALK

There are some eight or ten thousand new books published in this country every year. This is only about one-third of the number published in Germany for a smaller population. Some of them are represented in this issue, the Spring Book Number, of the *Saturday Review of Literature.* While the publisher may, at times, have high hopes that a few of his books will reach the big—if not best—seller class he does not publish his entire list for that reason alone. All of the books reviewed and advertised in this issue will not please everyone, nor do the persons in the trade anticipate the unanimous public acceptance of even one of them. Some will reach a larger audience than others; but, you will note as you turn the pages, there are many that are most obviously going to appeal only to a limited few.

Now, in addition to these thousands of new books, there are many older volumes which are still wanted by a portion of the public. There are fathers and mothers who desire that their children read books which pleased them when they were young, persons who want to pass once again along the olden trails, those who are eager to find things that they have missed, and many, many others. To whom do these readers turn for this material? To the library, of course, for borrowing; but the reader's library is increased with literature of merit by the bookseller. He who owns books is ever anxious to add to his collection. Not always does he know in advance what it is he wishes. Nor, in many instances, does he care, save that the book be worthy of its place on his shelves. And so, this person whom we call a "Browser," goes *Bookshopping.* His is the joy of selecting that which pleases him, whether it be a book published for the thousands or one published for the few. Knowing the part that literature plays in life, or rather in living, appreciating the worth of a book, he also values the services of his friend, the bookseller.

No cat-in-the-bag, coupon-clipped, sanitary-wrapped buying, is this, but a careful selection in which there are the combined elements of knowledge and personal taste.

Bookshopping was at one time the avocation solely of "bookworms." Then it became the fad of pseudo-collectors. It is to-day the relaxation and pleasure of a large body of intelligent people, which, with each passing of the sun, grows in size.

Ellis Ames Ballard

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
American Booksellers Association

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Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

NOT since the "four books a year" letter has a communication to the Guide brought in so widespread and continuing response as the call for titles of unwritten books whose mention in novels or otherwise, has given them a phantom existence—R. J. Bond of Dodd, Mead, who has already provided me with a shelf of them, calls them "phantom books." There are so many indeed that I have reserved a chapter in the new volume of "The Reader's Guide Book" for their occupancy—the titles would cover not only that Virginia door, but all four sides of a Vermont barn. Edwin Hutchings, St. Louis, noting that I have thus filed a caveat, tells me not to keep my claim too long unworked—but I can't tell inquirers for the date of this volume's appearance, happy as I am that there have been so many, just when this event will occur. Mr. Hutchings sends me a title for a travel book, "The Widow's Cruse"—now that does have possibilities!—and says that the authorities with which the Cheerful Idiot, in Bang's "Coffee and Repartee," confuted the arguer on "Robert Elsmere," were Burrows: "Is It, or Is it Not?" and Clink: "The Non-Existent as Opposed to What Is," whose availability to the general reader is lessened by the reluctance of both these scholars to be born. He also suggests as a bookback this entry in a small library's catalogue:

Mill
On Liberty
On the Floss

H. P. Cooper of the Mississippi Agricultural College, asks if there was never a volume of verse by the lady in "Martin Chuzzlewit" always identified by him as "Howls the sublime"? If this minor immortal does not spring at once to mind, get out the novel and meet your country woman. For Miss Toppit, who with Miss Codger was one of the Two Literary Ladies presented to the great Elijah Pogram by Mrs. Hominy, mother of the modern Gracchi, appears in the thirty-fourth chapter of this work, in which Martin rounds off his American experiences. I have always believed that the Hominy was no caricature, but a singularly accurate portrait—of whom makes no matter, for bits of her must have flashed upon anyone with a large experience on lecture tours, even to this day. The two L.L.'s were Transcendental, and so was Professor Aspire Todd, who in Marietta Holley's "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbet's" sends out "a poetic sail over the mystic sea" in the form of the very best solemn nonsense I ever read in parody form. If a copy of this admirable book is within reach, read the poem and you will see why in moments of glee it has been for years our family habit to chant such lines from it as:

Monstrous, aeriform, phantoms sublime
Come leer at me, and Cadmian teeth my soul gnaw,
Through chilasms of time
Transcendentally and remorselessly gnaw!
By what agency? Is it a law?

H. P. C. also suggests a special and portly volume by Rudyard Kipling to be enticingly titled "That's Another Story." Gertrude W. Page, Los Angeles, Calif., sends in "The Supreme Instant" and "Wings of Death," by the visiting English novelist Mrs. Osric Dane, so contemptuous of the poor little "literary" club in Mrs. Wharton's incomparable "Xingu," and reminds us that the works of the young poet in May Sinclair's "The Divine Fire" were two poetic dramas, "Helen in Leuce" and "The Triumph of Life" and volumes of poems, "Nine and Twenty Sonnets," "Saturnalia," and "Poems," the latter containing two short masterpieces, "On Harcombe Hill" and "Song of Confession." But she says the unwritten book she most longs to read is "My Deceased Wife's Sister" in Frank Stockton's whimsical tale bearing the same title.

Sidney Gulick, Jr., Berkeley, Calif., says that Byron's biography burnt by Tom Moore, would of course adorn the collection. He would like to see—though he would no doubt do no more than weigh the volumes—the rest of "The Fairie Queene," part 1, books seven (now incomplete) to twelve, and all twelve books of part 2, with his Nine Comedies, so much admired (in plan) by Gabriel Harvey. There would be Milton's "Arthurian Cycle," to complete that shelf, and the rest of the Canterbury Tales would occupy twice as much space as those we have: he would like to have the Canon's Tale bound separately. "Four more books of 'Tristram Shandy' (ix-xii) would come in the neat small octavo of their predecessors. To back the earlier volumes, there should be next to them the magical works of Trismegistus (or did he really write?). For old times' sake, I'd like to see another volume (vi) of 'Modern Painters,' and 'Tracts for the Times,' 01 to 100, would, I am sure, arouse tremendous interest. With the rest of 'Hyperion' (books iii—completed—to xii) Keats's fame would stand on breadth as well as height. I should like to see the remainder of Autolycus's 'The Sphinx and the Chimera,' of which 'Ulug Beg' is part one. Or is the wittily learned L. B. now working on it, so that my hopes may be realized.

"I nearly forgot three works by R. L. S., mentioned in Balfour's Life: 'Cannonmills' 'The Rising Sun' and 'Sophia Scarlett'—the last intrigues me particularly."

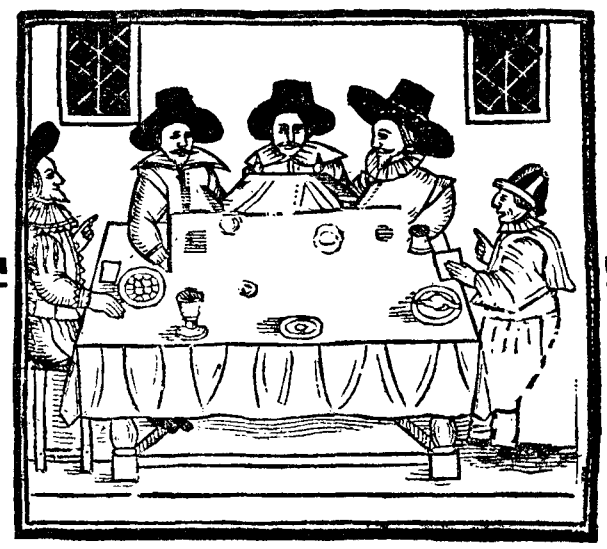
I think I will have to get this into periodical form before the Guide Book comes out: the pressure of demand grows too strong.

E. M. J., Clifton Springs, N. Y., asks for historical novels of the latter half of the twelfth and first of the thirteenth centuries, later than those listed in Baker's "Guide to Historical Fiction," as most of these for this period are out of print.

THE thirteenth century has not been overworked by historical novelists, in or out of Baker. Coming as near as I can to the period indicated, there is the new novel by Donn Byrne, "Crusade" (Little, Brown), which seems to me not only the best work he has so far accomplished, but a picture of the period, especially of the seamy side of the Crusades, of quite disconcerting realism. The Crusades novels include Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis" (Macmillan) in which Eleanor of Aquitaine figures, and of course Scott's "Talisman" and "Ivanhoe" with Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay" for further light on the Lion-Hearted. "Constanza," by Willis Vernon-Cole (Writer's Guild), is a new novel about Sicily in the latter part of the thirteenth century, with a ruler ahead of his time and his French wife, the whole intended to recreate the historical scene. Sophie Jewett's "God's Troubadour" (Crowell) is a biographical sketch of St. Francis of Assisi for children, told like a story, and there is a new "simple history of Saint Francis," "The Lord's Minstrel," by Caroline M. Duncan Jones (Appleton), that though reliable in statement, is in the manner of fiction. This is a beautiful book for young or old of any faith: the pictures in color are from paintings of scenes in Franciscan Italy. Vida Scudder's remarkable novel "Brother John" (Little, Brown) concerns an English friar after the death of St. Francis: this is both history and psychology. "Paul of France," a book for boys by Clarence Stratton (Macmillan), is of the time of the Fourth Crusade, with an exciting plot, based on much research. "The White Queen," by William Stearns Davis (Macmillan), is a story of the time of Saint Louis. Eleanor of Aquitaine appears in Ramon Guthrie's "Marcabrun" (Doran), a novel of the Troubadours.

J. L., Nampa, Idaho, has a variant of "The Two Sisters" ballad in which the jealous elder sister is the one drowned, and wonders if this has appeared in print. Her grandparents brought it from New York to Ohio: the air is "a rollicking major—my father described it as a regular bow-wow-wow—but evidently related to the plaintive minor of the variant called 'There was a laird in the North Countree' given in Campbell and Sharp's 'English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians.' The first lines are 'There was an old man and he lived out West.'"

ENCOURAGED by my report on "Lackawanna Spooners," and with meagre opportunities for research, she consults me as one ballad-lover to another, but I have not seen this version in print: possibly someone else has. Nor am I able to tell *M. E. H., Springfield, Ill.*, whether anyone has taken the suggestion of Swinburne in his essay on William Blake that the pamphlet "Dr. Malkin's Memoirs of his Child," condensed and compressed into a form more readable, would be worth republishing. Has this yet been floated on the rising tide of Blake enthusiasm?



Are YOU *in the Picture?*

IN 1764, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, recognizing that men of talent in the London of that time had one *great common interest* . . . LITERATURE . . . conceived the idea of and founded the famous LITERARY CLUB. *Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Mr. Fox, Mr. Garrick, Sir John Hawkins, Oliver Goldsmith,* and *Mr. Sheridan* were perhaps the most prominent of the original members of the brilliant circle which soon made its *literary opinion* felt throughout the kingdom. Life was one continual round, as *Boswell* says, of "Breaking fast at General Paoli's, drinking tea at Mrs. Williams's, supping and dining at TURKS HEAD, THE MITRE and THE CROWN & ANCHOR." As soon as *new books* or *literary tendencies* came into being, they were immediately *discussed*, and the resulting *opinion of this group* soon influenced the taste of the entire *reading public* of that day.

IN 1928 *New York* may claim to be the *literary center of America*, but *the people* who are interested in books, who read and discuss *contemporary literature*, are living in cities, towns and country places scattered over the greater part of a continent. However, *33,000* of them *get together* at least once every week for the same fundamental reason that *Dr. Johnson's* friends gathered at THE MITRE. They want to learn the latest news, gossip, tendencies, opinions, likes and dislikes of the *leaders in our literary life*. They, in turn, *influence* their own circles of intimate friends.

THE SPRING NUMBER of the *Saturday Review of Literature* is the chief topic for discussion at *this week's meeting* of the 33,000 and we are *delighted* to have the pleasure of *your* company. If you are not a *regular* member, if you are not *in the picture*, you can be sure there is a *vacant place* waiting and *congenial friends* anxious to *welcome you* to their midst. . . . Just let us know *your intentions*, fill out the address card below, and send it to us with your check for the *annual dues* ($3.50).

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SIRS: It is my pleasure to join the 33,000 at their weekly meetings, and I enclose my check for $3.50, with the understanding that this remittance covers an annual subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

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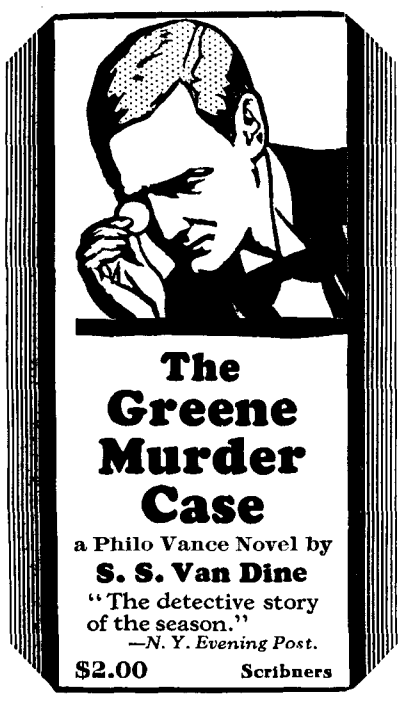

The Greene Murder Case

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"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" is among the priceless heritages of the English-speaking world. Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence made life more endurable, but not even Chaucer has contributed more to the pleasure of leisure during the past half century. In the whole of English literature there is no other book so mirth-provoking, without a hint of anything except pure-minded, whole-hearted joyousness.

This was just as true six weeks ago as it is since the public sale of the manuscript which combines every sentimental fascination that clings to Lewis Carroll's masterpiece. The sale was a matter of front-page newspaper notice, not because of the pleasure that the writing of this manuscript has given to untold thousands, but because it sold for a large amount of money. Not content with exploiting the price as news, editorial writers on both sides of the Atlantic seized upon it as a welcome variation from a crazy Stock Exchange, the Rubber Monopoly, and John Coolidge, and wrote about it in ways that make one wonder whether they know as little about these other subjects as they apparently do about books and auctions and ordinary human nature.

The "Alice" manuscript ought to be in the British Museum, if for no other reason than that more Americans would see it there, every year, than if it were anywhere else. However, those who are now so excited about it have managed very well without it, and it is doubtful if any of them ever troubled themselves heretofore to look at the facsimile which ought to be, but is not, in every sizeable public library. The manuscript has been in private possession ever since it was written, and no irreparable harm will be done if it remains in private ownership for a while longer. Meanwhile, great good has been done, for there are a number of people who—inconceivable as this seems—have read "Alice" for the first time, and more have renewed her acquaintance. And if the editorial writers want a profitable subject for speculation, they might discuss the probability that the mere power of money will transfer this manuscript to a permanent home in a California town so small that it does not even have a post office of its own, or to a small college library in a New York town which few people could name, or where.

When a great metropolitan daily remarked sententiously that it was "tactless" of an American to buy the "Alice" manuscript, the writer merely left out of account every single factor involved in the sale. He also overlooked the facts that, according to the public prints, no private bidder, American or English, was in at the finish of the sale, and that both the purchaser and the runner-up announced that they would not stand in the way of the British Museum. The buyer backed this up by offering to contribute a substantial amount toward the relatively small difference between the price paid and the amount which it was reported that the Museum stood ready to pay for the manuscript. All that was at stake, to all appearances, was the rivalry of two booksellers. One of them is beyond any question the greatest bookseller of this generation. It was as certain as any mundane affair can be, that he would buy this manuscript when it came up for public sale. He had to, or else publicly relinquish his position in the book-buying world. The rival would like to seize this place, but he was indulging in one of the least expensive pastimes imaginable when he amused himself by bidding as much as he dared against Dr. Rosenbach. Either of these two would gladly have withdrawn in favor of the British Museum. Neither would resign to the other.

American librarians frequently indulge in a practice which is hardly illegal but is distinctly unethical, because their institutional poverty forces them to it, of requesting booksellers and even private buyers not to bid on items that the library wants. Quite as often as not, this does not do the library any good, because some unforeseen bidder walks off with the prize, at a figure beyond the library's limit and under what the other buyer might have given. There can be very little doubt that this is what would have happened at this recent London sale if both Dr. Rosenbach and Mr. Wells had "tactfully" stayed out of the bidding. They did the only honest and straightforward thing to do, which was to enter the public sale and compete openly to the limit of their resources and judgment.

None of these editorial writers who express such high-minded opinions, take into account the fact that in the loftiness of their idealism they are disposing of property that does not belong to them, and did belong to an elderly lady whose income had ceased to provide adequately for her increasing needs. It is reasonably certain that she would have preferred to give this manuscript, so intimately bound up with her earliest memories, to the British nation, and that she had decided that she could not afford to do this. She presumably would not care to be an object of charity, and she did a much more self-respecting thing in parting with the property which meant more to her than it ever can mean to anybody else, rather than try to live beyond her means. The difference between what Dr. Rosenbach paid for the manuscript and the price at which the British Museum would have liked to buy it, after auctioneer and the British taxing authorities have taken their shares, doubtless means to that elderly "Alice," jam for her toast and a maid she is fond of and, every American will hope, a more comfortable car when she wishes to take the air.

Americans as they glance again at their "Alice" will have a real regret that the price of this manuscript was not larger. They will also wish that the thing might have been properly managed so that every grateful reader could share in the gift, not as charity, but as a totally inadequate expression of a feeling of deepest gratitude to the little girl who inspired the finest child's book ever written.

G. P. W.

The best British typographical tradition comes from north of the Tweed, and when three or four Scotchmen put their heads together to plan a worthy reproduction of a Scotch classic, it is safe to look for something much better than ordinary. Scotland has no monopoly in the Psalm of David, but the metrical version approved by the Church of Scotland is woven into the warp and the woof of Scottish character. This is the book; the introduction is by Allan Neilson, who retains much of his old flavor despite the years of a college presidency; the printer is Bruce Rogers; and much Scotch has gone, first and last, into the firm of Washburn & Thomas by whom the publication is issued. The thistle flowers on title and colophon and wherever there was a place for it between, which is another way of saying that this is a book which the printer worked over enjoyably, and not one of his triflings. There is another bit of evidence that it will be worth possessing, for the Scotch booksellers have a canny sense of values, and it is reported that a good share of the 300 copies have already been spoken for over seas, although the volume has not yet come from the bindery.

John and Edward Bumpus of 350 Oxford Street, London, offer in a recent catalogue three collected sets which are worth noting as an index of current prices. A complete set of the Kelmscott Press publications, except for the trial pages of Froissart and other extra issues, is priced at £875. A collection of forty-six Doves Press books is figured at £700. Andrew Lang's countless productions are divided. One lot of twenty-one Fairy Books and similar volumes is listed at £10:15:00, while seventy-three others, first editions, are £45.

Payne Finnemore of Rollason Road, Erdington, Birmingham, has a way of turning up American items of moderate consequence at reasonable prices. The buyer of course takes his chances, as when a proof impression of George Washington's bookplate is offered in all good faith, with the explanation that "This unique item was purchased in a small, but select collection, including such celebrities as Lord Nelson," etc., etc. If these others are like most of the Washington bookplates that come onto the market, this might be a collection that ought to be kept together, and which might serve as a clue to the source whence a certain number of association books have been produced. A presentation copy of Knickerbocker's "History of New York," 1850, with the Darley illustrations, for £20, is dear only because collectors persistently decline to interest themselves in Washington Irving.

Paul Jones

(*Continued from page* 798)

missioned officer in the Navy; nor is any man fit to command a ship of war who is not also capable of communicating his ideas on paper in language that becomes his rank."—(John Paul Jones, letter to the Marine Board, 1777.)

However, even this is not used at the present time.

With kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
L. M. NULTON.

Captain E. T. Constien, U. S. Navy,
United States Navy Recruiting Bureau,
South and Whitehall Streets,
New York, N. Y.

The last instance of Buell's invention which I will discuss relates to the plantation on the Rappahannock river which Buell stated had been inherited by Paul Jones from his brother. It is well known that our naval hero was the son of a humble Scotch family called Paul and that he added the name of Jones to his patronymic. His brother, called William Paul, was a tailor in Fredricksburg in Virginia. This William Paul, according to Buell, inherited the Rappahannock plantation from an anonymous benefactor called Jones from whom he also adopted the name. But the tombstone of William Paul still stands in the Fredricksburg churchyard. He never inherited name or plantation from any anonymous Jones and left only a small sum of money to his relations. Buell with his usual wealth of imagination supplied an overseer to this imaginary plantation called Duncan McBean. He also supplied two black slaves called Acto and Scipio and an Indian boy called Jeremiah. Buell even went so far as to state the two black boys and the Indian were present with Jones on the *Ranger*.

It is regrettable that Mr. Phillips Russell has permitted himself to quote these inventions of Buell. In the earlier pages of his book Mr. Russell has stated that William Paul died and left only a small sum of money to his relations. In the later pages of his book he repeats the Buell falsehoods in regard to Cato and Scipio and the Indian Jeremiah. This use of historical falsehoods, necessarily false, if the facts previously quoted by himself regarding William Paul are not to be discredited, should not pass without comment.

I have now reprinted my exposé of the Buell inventions in a pamphlet which I intend to place in the principal libraries and universities of the country.

The tale of Buell's invented authorities is a long one. It included non-existent "papers" of the Livingston family, imaginary collections in the New York Historical Society, non-existent portions of Jones's own journal, proved to be non-existent by comparison with the journal itself preserved in Washington; also imaginary Hewes papers, many invented letters from Washington, Morris, Franklin and Hewes, invented letters from the Duchesse de Chartres, written originally in English and turned over to a member of Buell's own family to be translated into French; imaginary appendices and footnotes in existing biographies and imaginary second editions of these existing biographies; all these inventions have been checked up by the author of this article. It is astonishing that the book which was withdrawn by its publishers from circulation should still be read and quoted, astonishing that a rudimentary knowledge of the history of our country and of the well-known epistolary style of our forefathers should not have caused a suspicion of Buell's unparalleled fabrications to assail the minds of his readers. Many other instances of his misstatements, inaccuracies, and disagreements with history might be given, for they appear throughout his work. Buell's own confession that he had no documentary evidence for the facts presented in his book should be sufficient to inform any future reader of his biography of his unreliability as a historian.

MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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THE raw life of our big cities has already been presented upon the stage in such plays as "Broadway," "Chicago," "Burlesque." It was inevitable that some modern poet should try his hand with the same material. The man who has now done it, and done it drastically in verse, is *Joseph Moncure March.* The first time we met with his name was as poetry editor of the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post,* in its reorganization under *H. E. Dounce.* We wondered then just who Mr. March might be. We had never happened to hear of him before. We read some of his poetry reviews and seemed to find nothing particularly salient in them. And now suddenly he has produced a work—whether or not it is what might be called a "poem" is doubtful—that reminds us of a remark we once heard Joseph Hergesheimer make. "I want to write a novel," said Hergesheimer, "as hard and compact and deadly as the feel of an automatic in your hand." Mr. March has written a hard and deadly poem, he has pictured in crackling lines an utterly vulgar, sordid, vicious, and extreme phase of Broadway life. He has done this in "The Wild Party," published in Chicago by Pascal Covici. The book is for subscribers only and limited to 750 copies. As *Louis Untermeyer* says in "A Letter" which serves as preface to the volume: "It is brutal, cynical, ugly, sensational—but so is the *milieu* with which it deals. And, first and last, it lives." Probably its main value to readers of the future will be as an accurate document concerning the grimmest side of the most hectic life civilization has known since the days of the Roman decadence; for this is not a pleasant performance. But no one who reads it can doubt its foundation in fact. The technical handling of the material is excellent. The poem rather stunned us. But there is no denying Mr. March's power. He is a deadly realist. His book is decidedly not for the home circle, but we cannot think of anything just like it in contemporary literature. . . .

On April 10th *Stanley J. Weyman* died at Ruthin in Wales. In the late eighties he was hailed as a great historical novelist. We doubt not that many still remember "A Gentleman of France," "Under the Red Robe," and "The House of the Wolf." The older members of the family will probably also recall *John E. Dodson's* creation of the rôle of Richelieu in the dramatization of the second-named novel, and *Kyrle Bellew* as De Marsac in "A Gentleman of France" . . . .

Two excellent recent novels are "Daisy and Daphne" by *Rose Macaulay* and "A Mirror for Witches" by *Esther Forbes.* And they are as different from each other as can be . . . .

Now that everything is getting in train for the next presidential election, *M. R. Werner's* "Tammany Hall" should be of special interest. It is a great tome of 550 pages, and the publishers say, "There is not an opinion in the book. There is only evidence." The jacket is the famous *Nast* cartoon of *Boss Tweed* overlooking the arena wherein the Tammany tiger rages loose. Here are *Fernando Wood, Tweed, "Honest John" Kelly, Croker, Murphy,* and all their doings . . . .

The first publication of the Society of Calligraphers has been brought out by Alfred A. Knopf. *W. A. Dwiggins* has designed the book, which is called "Paraphs." The Society of Calligraphers exists to stimulate interest in the production of fine printing and to foster the appreciation of the graphic arts. And who is *Dr. Hermann Püterschein,* who wrote the book? Oh, that's telling. . . .

We hear that a former gang leader, who has already killed at least five men, has threatened to have Mr. *Herbert Asbury's* life for his writing of "The Gangs of New York." And Mr. Asbury has heard indirectly that two other gang leaders are after him. In case anything happens, Mr. Asbury's publisher knows the names of these men, though he has promised in the meantime not to divulge them. Life is certainly hectic for us authors! . . . .

At last, after three years, *William Gerhardi* will bring forth another novel through Duffield. It is to be called "Eva's Apples." The first title Mr. Gerhardi had for it was "The Crack of Doom." This he discarded in favor of "Pale Primroses," and, later, "The Kiss." But when the manuscript arrived in New York Gerhardi wrote that he thought "The Kiss" was too "soppy," so he had chosen "Jazz and Jasper" as his title. After a brief intermission he cabled the present title, and as "Eva's Apples" the book has gone to press. It will be published early in June. . . .

We acknowledge Number 8 of "The Dido Cave," typewritten by our friend, *The Carthaginian.* We congratulate her upon her description of climbing up "into the August dawn of Gavarnie" a-donkey-back. We suggest that *The Carthaginian* write a novel. She seems to be an interesting person. . . .

We have had several Chinese posters now from the Rev. *H. G. C. Hallock* of Shanghai. The last one, of "Wu-ti," the Chinese god-of-war is a pippin. Both now adorn our private office, together with sundry etchings by our English friend, *A. Hugh Fisher,* and other memorabilia. The Reverend Hallock seems to be a brave man and a devout man. He is a missionary, and despite many things that may be said against missionaries, he appears to be a good sort. Anyway, we thank him for the posters, which we have thoroughly enjoyed. . . .

The outline of the early world which we like best we cull from *Milt Gross's* "Famous Fimmales Witt Oder Ewents from Heestory" (Doubleday, Doran). It has done us more good than all the other outlines we have ever read:

So was foist de foist hize hage den gradually a sacund hize hage, und in cocklusion was a toid witt a futt hize hage wot in bitwinn itch wan a hintermeesion. . . . So in itch hintermeesion it axeested critchurs wot it belunged in de following kettegories. Wiz:

Nomber Wan—SEA FOOD—Feesh, clems, hoysters, lobsters, shreemps, scellops.

Nomber Two—RAPTILES——Snakes, woims, ketterpillows, leezards, scuppions, mounsters.

Nomber Tree—MEMMELS——Kemels, &c.

Nomber Furr — PIPPLE —— Man, weemen, goils, boyiss, babizz, tweens.

So it would arrife like dees a hize hage.

So you should see wot it stoot in de paper hextras so:

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John Erskine (need we introduce him) will lecture on "The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent" at the Community Church (located at Thirty-Fourth Street and Park Avenue) on Tuesday evening, April 24th, under the auspices of the Century Forum. . . .

Claude McKay, author of "Home to Harlem," is living near Marseilles, working on a forthcoming novel which will be a story of negro life on the Marseilles docks. . . .

The drawing on the cover of this issue of *The Saturday Review* is, as you may have surmised, the work of the versatile *Hendrik Willem Van Loon.* If you can't go fishing for fish at this season, at least go fishing for books! . . . .

We thank *E. M. S.* for the following—not exactly ferocious, but quite sage sonnet:

DRUID HILL LAKE

A long succession of such evil days
Would over-try the patience of a saint.
(I never could be anything so quaint,
Or so deserving of eternal praise.)
Poverty, loneliness, the mocking gaze
Of failure, ever circling, serve to taint
The very core of life and to acquaint
The mind with dark and unfamiliar ways.

The little lake? The thought's no longer strange,
But lacks all reason. Could it be supposed
At all to one's advantage to exchange
One closed book for another likewise closed?
I will go to the little lake, and then
Walk quite around it, and come home again.

Thank you very much, and so adieu!

THE PHOENICIAN.

—*and*

Dorothy Parker

(joining H. L. Mencken, Harry Hansen, Burton Rascoe, F. P. A., T. A. Daly and Walter Yust) says of

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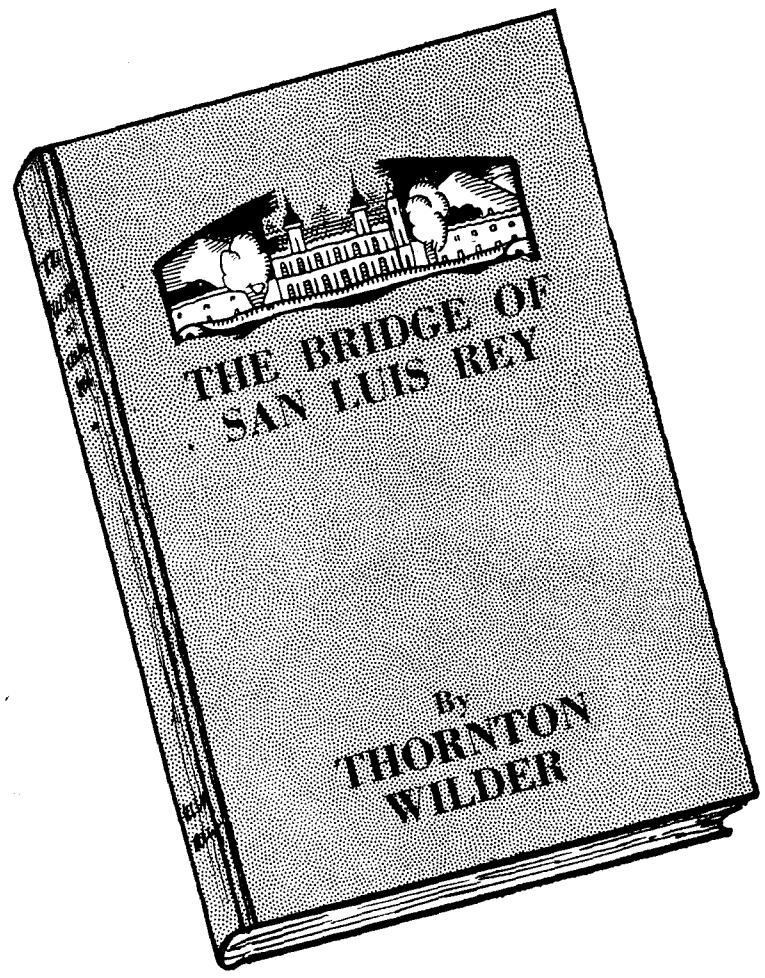

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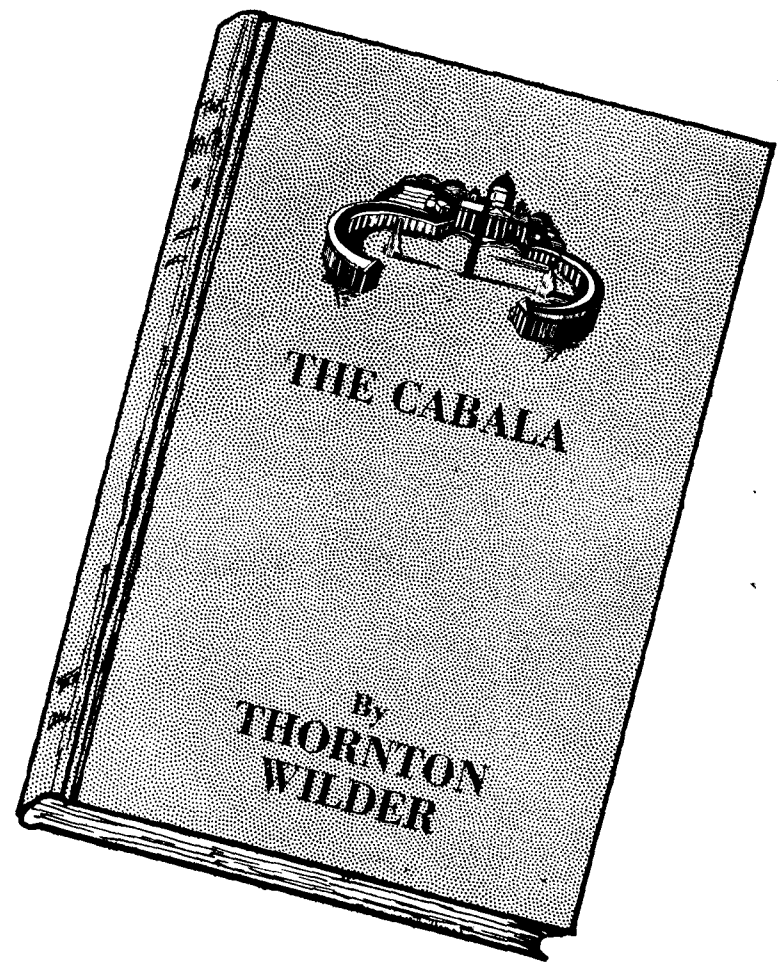

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